

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROGER DE CLARENDON.

VOL. I.

10

DE CLARENDO.

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF

Edward Prince of Wales

SECRET

THE BLACK PANTHER

26-2-82

THESE THEMES ARE TO BE:

RECEIVED THEATRE BOOKS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

...and the ...

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MEMOIRS
OF
SIR ROGER DE CLARENDON,
THE NATURAL SON OF
Edward Prince of Wales,
COMMONLY CALLED
THE BLACK PRINCE;
WITH
ANECDOTES OF MANY OTHER EMINENT PERSONS
OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CLARA REEVE.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means are just, the purpose true,
Applause in spite of trivial faults is due.
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise. POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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MEMOIRS

SIR ROGER DE CLARENCE

Edward Prince of Wales

BY J. C. E.

THE PRINCE

THE ONLY CHIEF FAMOUS MAN

THEY WHO BEGET US

THEY IN THEIR KING

THEY IN THEIR POWER

THEY IN THEIR UNDERSTANDING

THEY IN THEIR PEOPLE

THEY IN THEIR LEARNING

THEY IN THEIR GOVERNANCE

THEY IN THEIR INFLUENCE



All

Printed for the

London

P R E F A C E.

“ **L**ET us now praise famous men,
“ even our fathers who begat us :

“ Such as bare rule in their king-
“ doms, men renowned for their power,
“ giving counsel by their understand-
“ ings :

“ Leaders of the people by their
“ counsels, and by their learning and
“ wisdom, meet for [governing] the
“ people, wise and eloquent in their in-
“ structions.

“ All these were honoured in their
“ generations, and were the glory of their
“ times ; and have left their names be-
“ hind them.”

Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.

The excellent Plutarch, the prince of
historians, in the first page of the Life
of Paulus Emilius, made this valuable
remark :

“ I first undertook to write the lives
“ of great men for the service of others,
“ but I persevere in this design for my
“ own benefit.

“ The virtues of these illustrious men
“ are to me as a mirror, by which I
“ learn to regulate my own life and con-
“ duct.

“ By

“ By this means I enjoy the greatest
 “ familiarity with these great men ; I am
 “ conversant with them all in turn, as
 “ if the same house and board were
 “ common to us. When I read their
 “ histories, every particular virtue and
 “ excellence makes a deep impression
 “ upon my mind ; from thence I infer
 “ how truly great and estimable their
 “ owners must needs have been ; and
 “ carefully transcribe the most beautiful
 “ and remarkable passages of their
 “ lives into my own memory, as pat-
 “ terns for my imitation.

“ A greater pleasure than this the gods
 “ can scarcely grant us ; nor a more cer-
 “ tain way to teach us virtue.” —

This exemplary man showed by his
 own conduct the effects of this noble

rule which he recommends to others ; and such will be produced in every virtuous and ingenuous mind, in all times and countries :—but there are a set of men in our days, who take delight in representing the defects and deformities of nature. They represent mankind as the most worthless, wicked, and miserable creatures in the whole system of created beings. Their doctrines also produce the effects that may naturally be expected to flow from such a source. They render men weak and timid, indolent and unhappy, and sometimes drive them to despondency.

Those who attempt to inform and instruct men, should give them such a degree of confidence in themselves, as is necessary to encourage them to exert their

their abilities, and urge them to press forward to obtain the prize of their labours; for virtue requires industry and activity in her disciples; they must persevere in spite of dangers and difficulties, and go on till they reach the summit of perfection. The man who thinks himself unable and unworthy to climb this hill that leads to the temple of virtue, will hardly have the courage necessary to climb it; after a few ineffectual attempts and discouragements, he will sink into indolence and despondency, and remain at the bottom of the hill all the remainder of his life.

When we contemplate the great actions which men like ourselves, with the same passions and weaknesses, were able to perform, we say to ourselves, surely

we ought not to despair of equalling them!—No, we will endeavour to surpass them.

If the courage of Alexander, the continence of Scipio, the clemency of Titus, the truly royal virtues of Trajan, and the two first Antonines, had had the power to stimulate the youth of all times and countries, to imitate their great examples, how much more do the actions of great men of their own country work upon their tender and flexible minds, and inspire them with a more ardent desire to imitate, and excel them! We respect the climate, the air, the soil, and every thing that contributed to produce and foster such men; we believe that they must of necessity produce a succession of them, and that ourselves shall
place

place our names in the rolls of fame, among those who have done honour to our country.

If by some men this should be called a prejudice, I answer, happy are the states where such prejudices remain! where they are not done away by false philosophy, and false refinements: where that is the case, it may fairly be concluded, that nation's glory and happiness is on the decline.

We know that heaven is impartial in its dispensations, that it has given blessings peculiar to every nation upon the face of the earth. We know that there have been illustrious men of all times and countries, whose names have descended to us, wherever there were men able to record their actions; for this is

the true æra of history, and these men are equally necessary to each other.

Britain may justly boast of the great men she has produced ; she may vie with any nation under the cope of heaven. When we read of our glorious ancestors, their actions ought to stimulate us to equal them, to support and maintain the honour of our country : to be ashamed to degenerate from our forefathers, to sit down in indolence and effeminacy, and bring reproach upon them.

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
 This fortress built by nature for herself,
 Against infection and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world.—
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which

Which serves it in the office of a wall;
 Or as a moat defensive to an house,
 Against the envy of less happy lands.
 This land of noble souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world;
 Britain bound in with the triumphant siege
 Of watery Neptune. Let it not be said,
 That Britain, which was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of herself.

SHAKESPEARE.

Our warriors, our statesmen, our
 poets, our philosophers, make of them-
 selves a list of famous men, worthy the
 study of all the world, and they are trans-
 lated into all languages.

While other countries do honour to
 the worthies of our's, it is more particu-
 larly the duty of every son of Britain to
 know them well, to be thoroughly in-
 formed

formed in the annals of his country. This should enforce the lesson of the excellent Plutarch, and produce the same effects that such reading did upon his mind.

In the history of mankind, there have been certain æras, remarkable for the production of great men. Whether these have been owing to natural or accidental causes remains a problem, and we can only raise conjectures concerning it.

Princes of eminent virtues and abilities have always drawn great men around them ; and this is a criterion of their characters.

But again ; republics have at least as frequently brought individuals into notice and celebrity. The many petty states into which ancient Greece was divided,

vided, produced a number of men worthy to be immortalized by the pen of the incomparable Plutarch. The Roman history is a series of the lives and actions of great men. Rome was never greater than in the interval between the first Triumvirate, and the final establishment of the Imperial state; she produced more great men in a shorter space of time.

There will always be found men to contemplate and admire the lives and actions of great men, as they still respect the statues and pictures of them, though they no longer aspire to imitate them.

The age of King Edward III^d was one of those most fruitful of eminent men, not only in England, but in all the countries of Europe;—it is an æra deserving our respect and admiration.

The

The writer of the following sheets once aspired to write a history of all the great men that lived in this reign ; she filled several sheets with names only ; she found the undertaking too great for her strength, and gave over the design. Still there remained a wish to snatch the names of the principal worthies of this age from oblivion, and to give a new impression of them to the present times.

She had beside this another stimulus, to give a faithful picture of a well-governed kingdom, wherein a true subordination of ranks and degrees was observed, and of a great prince at the head of it.

The new philosophy of the present day avows a levelling principle, and declares that a state of anarchy is more
3 beauti-

beautiful than that of order and regularity. There is nothing more likely to convince mankind of the errors of these men, than to set before them examples of good government, and warnings of the mischievous consequences of their own principles.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.—POPE.

All human systems are imperfect, all forms of government are defective, liable to fall into error and mistake, but capable of being rectified. That is the best government and most likely to be permanent, that makes different ranks and degrees of men necessary to each other, and leads them to co-operate together

gether in order to promote the good of the whole.

May despotism be for ever abolished !
 —May a just and benevolent system rise upon its ruins !—But a form of government founded upon levelling principles, never did, nor ever can continue. Rome had a gradation of ranks during her republican state ; she had her patricians, her equites, her plebeians, beside the sub-division of the public offices, which were equivalent to a minuter gradation.

If the populace are allowed to overturn the government, and by their wisdom frame a new constitution, they will soon find it defective, and by the same right set aside the first, and fabricate a second, and a third, and so on : how can there

there be any thing permanent in such a state ?

Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate, for your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most
What would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—
trust ye !

With every minute you do change your mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

SHAKESPEARE.

We have seen lately such a succession
of favourites of the public in a neighbour country, so have they passed away
like smoke, new ones have succeeded,
a general distrust has taken place, and
those

those who serve them best, are liable to their most severe resentment and cruelty. Let Britain shudder at the scene before her, and grasp her blessings the closer.

I have endeavoured to show princes and heroes as men, not as angels; composed of great qualities mixed with human infirmities, capable of virtue, but liable to error, yet upon the whole men worthy of our respect and imitation.

Many attempts have been made of late years to build fictitious stories upon historical names and characters; the foundations were bad, and the structures have fallen down.

To falsify historical facts and characters is a kind of sacrilege against those great names upon which history has affixed

fixed the seal of truth. The consequences are mischievous; it misleads young minds eager in the search of truth, and enthusiasts in the pursuit of those virtues which are the objects of their admiration, upon whom one true character has more effect than a thousand fictions.

It is to these young and ingenuous minds that I write; minds yet uncontaminated by the vile indolence, effeminacy, and extravagance of modern life and manners. For them have I framed a story that does not in any respect contradict the annals of history; which may entertain their minds without corrupting their hearts.

Those characters with whom I have taken some liberties, are such as are
barely

barely named in history, and have left room to say just what I pleased. Such is that of Sir Roger de Clarendon, who, though he gives name to the work, is by no means the principal character.

Who spoke in parables I need not say,
 But sure he knew it was a pleasant way,
 Sound sense by plain examples to convey.—
 Also in Heathen authors we may find,
 That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;
 So take the grain, and leave the chaff behind.

If reflecting upon these faint sketches of illustrious characters should stimulate a few readers to imitate those virtues they can admire;—if comparing ancient manners with modern ones they should perceive the defects of both,
 and

and that the boastings of the present times of their superiority, are not so well founded as many believe:—if surveying both with candour and impartiality, they should select the good and reform the evil—this will be a noble reward for the labour and industry of the author:—then will she take leave of the public with the sentence of the Roman actor :

Valete et Plaudite !

HIS-

HISTORIANS *consulted in this* **WORK.**

FROISSART--WALSINGHAM--HOLLINSHED
--HALL--STOW--HARDING--SPEED--
BAKER -- JOSHUA BARNES -- RAPIN--
SMOLLET.--

THE

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROGER DE CLARENDON.

GREAT and good princes resemble the sun in all its glory, which warms and brightens every object within the circle of its attraction: the rays extend on all sides: they dry up the noxious vapours that hover underneath, and, by a powerful kind of magnetism, attract merit of all kinds, and bring it within their own vortex.

When the great King Edward the Third kept his court at London, and his renowned son Edward, Prince of Wales and Aquitain, kept his court at Bourdeaux, men of superior abilities in all arts, sciences, and professions,

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came

came from all parts of Europe to serve under their banners, and to enjoy a shelter from the storms of fortune under their glorious patronage and protection, and they reflected back again the splendor they derived from their illustrious protectors.—Princes of mean abilities and narrow hearts are jealous of those who have greater understandings and knowledge than themselves ; but it is the glory of a good king to be surrounded by a circle of eminent men, some who can assist him in all his schemes for the good of his people, and others who can record his virtues, and both together will compose for him a wreath of immortality.—The Prince of Wales was attended by a band of gentlemen of all countries, who were called Knights-companions ; they were his defence in war, and the ornament of his court in peace ; they amounted to between five and six thousand men. Sir Hugh de Calverly was one of these knights ; he was of undaunted courage and fidelity, and was well acquainted with all the arts of peace : he was high in favour with both the King and the Prince of Wales. In the latter end of the reign of King Edward he was governor of Calais, and defended it gallantly
against

against open force and secret treachery; he continued in this office till the death of the King.

Edward the Black Prince, so called from the terror his arms inspired, died before his father, to the irreparable grief and loss of the English nation: he was equally lamented by his subjects in Guienne, and both countries united in making his eulogy. He was the hero of his age; no man so terrible in war, none so generous and gentle in his own court, and to his friends and followers. He never fought a battle he did not win, yet his modesty and courtesy excelled even his valour.

He possessed all the social and domestic virtues; he was sober, continent, and temperate in all things: the only blemish in his character was too great a fondness for military glory, which he shewed in assisting Don Pedro the Cruel to recover the crown of Castile and Leon, a man truly detestable for his cruelty and injustice. He effected this design, but the heats of Spain affected his constitution, and he caught the distemper there that brought him to his grave.

England embraced in her arms, and in her heart, the only surviving son of this beloved prince, Richard of Bourdeaux. The Commons petitioned the King to grant him all the honours of his father, and he was immediately created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester. Within a year after, he succeeded his grandfather, being but in the twelfth year of his age.

This young prince ascended the throne with the warmest affection and wishes of all the people. He was beautiful in his person, courteous in his manners, and his subjects believed they saw in him the heir of his father's virtues and fine qualities: but time and experience showed them the contrary, and destroyed all their hopes and expectations, and their respect and confidence in him. During the minority of the king, his government was respectable, from the abilities of his uncles, John of Ghent duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley duke of York, and Thomas of Wodestock duke of Gloucester. The young King was impatient to hold the reins of government, but as soon as he was in possession of them, his weakness and insufficiency became apparent
to

to all men. He was light and vain-glorious, fickle and inconstant, fond of shews, and pageants, and vanities of every kind. His uncles endeavoured to restrain his youthful follies, but he rejected their counsels, despised their admonitions, and acted in defiance of them. He drew about him a set of venal and profligate favorites, and squandered away upon them the revenues of his kingdom. His subjects, at the beginning, were fond of him to excess; they readily gave him an increase of revenue, and supplied him with the means to support his dignity. He was always in want of money, and contriving new means to obtain it. Whenever he had wheedled or exacted new subsidies from his parliament, under promises of reformation and œconomy, no sooner was the money received, than the promises were broken, and he plunged again into the same course of dissipation and prodigality. By this absurd and foolish conduct he lost, by degrees, the confidence and affections of his people. After a long series of contests with the barons, who were then the guardians of the people's liberties, and perpetual disputes with his parliament, he became the object

of their hatred and contempt. They invited his kinsman, Henry of Bolingbroke, whom Richard had injured in the highest degree, by driving him into exile and seizing on his inheritance, to come to their assistance. They got the person of Richard into their power, they exhibited a solemn charge against him in a free and full parliament, they obliged him to sign the instrument of his own deposition, and placed Henry duke of Lancaster upon the throne, who was the next *male heir* of the house of Plantagenet. This is an awful lesson to princes, how they abuse the confidence of their people.

The subject of the following story bears frequent reference to the history of this unfortunate reign, and will afford matter for remarks on past times, and comparisons with the present.

During the first contests between King Richard and his people, Sir Hugh Calverly was one of the most faithful and most respectable adherents to the King. He loved him for the sake of his illustrious father and grandfather; he hoped that time and experience would teach him to correct his errors, and that the latter part of his reign would
make

make atonement for the former : in this hope he withstood the association of the barons, and steadily adhered to the King. Sir Hugh commanded the English army in the only action that did honour to this inglorious reign. He assisted the Bishop of Norwich in his absurd campaign against the Count of Flanders ; he defeated the Count in the field, and supported the Bishop with credit and success : but their triumph was short ; fortune soon after declared against them ; the French came to the Count's assistance. The English, weakened by repeated losses, were obliged to retreat to Calais, from whence they wrote to ask a speedy re-inforcement from the King, or else they must shortly return home.—Richard talked highly ; he threatened revenge against the Count of Flanders, and the King of France his ally. He promised to send an army immediately, under the command of his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, but his valour evaporated in words. He was so tardy in his preparations, that before they were ready to embark, the truce was expired. The Bishop and his party were obliged to accept the terms offered by the King of France ; they returned to

England with the wreck of their army, covered with disgrace, in lieu of their former glory. Sir Hugh Calverly was ashamed of his party and situation; he resolved from that time to reside in his native country, and to limit his services to the person of his King, and to support him against his enemies at home. Sir Hugh Calverly from this time lived at Calverly-hall, in the bosom of his family, with his beloved wife and children. He had married a lady of the Bourchier family, endowed with many virtues and fine qualities. She had brought him seven children, five of which lived to the age of maturity, two sons and three daughters, which were all promising children at this time we are speaking of. The eldest son was already knighted by the King, whose cause he had espoused against the party of the barons. This young gentleman often journeyed between London and Calverly-hall; he was endowed with many noble qualities, dutiful to his parents, and affectionate to all his family. Lionel, the younger son, was yet a boy, and the darling of his parents, and all the rest of the family. The daughters were young, virtuous, and amiable; we shall speak

speak of their peculiar qualities hereafter. Sir Hugh was a most tender husband and affectionate father; he was beloved and respected by his neighbours, tenants, and dependents; he was an exemplary landlord, friend, and master. After a youth of military service, and glory dearly earned, he hoped to enjoy an old age of honour and repose in his native country, with his wife and children. This noble and renowned knight was taken away from his family at the age of fifty and five years, by an epidemical fever, which raged in the year 1386. He died too soon for his family, but, perhaps, not for himself; he escaped the troubles of his country, which he must have shared, and in which he might have suffered in his person, honours, and fortune.

His eldest son, Sir John Calverly, inherited his father's fortune, and his virtues. He was loyal to his king and country, affectionate to his mother and family, and looked upon his brother and sisters as his children whom he was bound to protect and support.

As soon as the funeral duties were performed, and the first poignancy of grief was abated, Lady Calverly proposed to leave the

family seat, and to retire to a smaller house upon her own paternal estate, which she had preserved for herself in case she should be left a widow; or for her daughters, whenever her eldest son should marry.

Sir John besought her earnestly to stay at Calverly-hall, saying, he wished to enjoy her company and that of his sisters, and also he hoped to receive much benefit from her residence there, and from her advice and assistance in regulating and governing his family.

The good lady consented to stay with her son some time longer, upon condition that he should be looking out for a wife in the mean time; saying, it was his duty to preserve and continue a family that was an honour to its country, and a blessing to its dependents.

Sir John agreed to this condition, and my Lady said, she would not leave him till that happy period should arrive.

Lady Calverly educated her daughters in that retired and virtuous reserve, which in those days was thought a duty. It was believed necessary for the guard and protection of female virtue. In those times young
I maid-

maidens were seldom seen out of their mother's presence : it would have been thought a breach of virgin modesty.

The silent and retired virtues were cultivated, modesty, humility, and complacency ; virtues that were in due time to be a blessing to the men who should be their husbands ; they were likewise taught those useful qualities which should render them capable of superintending a well-governed family.

Madam Isabel, the eldest daughter, was generally reckoned handsome ; she was tall and well made, but proud and stately, vain of her beauty and family. She was ambitious of making a great alliance, that should reflect honour upon her family, and render herself the first person in it. The brave and gentle, the modest and deserving Clement Woodville, sighed in secret for this haughty beauty. He was the most intimate and beloved friend and companion of Sir John Calverly. His father was an officer of great courage and reputation, who had saved the life of Sir Hugh Calverly in the field, and lost his own in performing that gallant action. From that day Sir Hugh adopted his children for his own, and took them into

his own family. This brave gentleman left two sons and a daughter; the last-named was placed in a convent, Lady Calverly designed her for the veil, for she had particular objections to receiving her into her family.

The second daughter of Lady Calverly was called Edith; she was not generally thought so handsome as Isabel; it was necessary that she should be known before she was admired; but then her virtues and graces seemed to illuminate her person; and the beholders wondered that they had not always perceived her to be beautiful: the oftener she was seen, the more charming she appeared; and those who once loved her, were sure to love her always.

Edith saw and heard the sighs of Clement Woodville for her sister; she was sensible of his merits; she felt for him the pride and disdain with which he was treated, and thrown to the utmost distance: she endeavoured by her gentleness and courtesy to comfort him for the mortifications he received from Isabel. Thus, while she thought she was only doing justice to injured merit, the fair Edith, unawares to herself, pointed the

the dart of love against her own tender and generous heart. She felt an interest in every thing that related to Clement, and, indeed, all the cares and anxieties of a lover, always implied but never expressed.

Clement's first attentions to Edith were dictated by pure gratitude and respect; he never dreamed that love was stealing into his heart under the guise of generous friendship, which he might safely admit and indulge.

These characters will in due time unfold themselves more fully; let us now speak of the youngest daughter of Lady Calverly: she was baptized by the name of Amabel, but by her mother and family called by the diminutive of Mabel; she was seven years younger than Isabel, and three than Edith; she was at the time we speak of, just entered into her fourteenth year. Mabel was the bud of beauty, which promised to expand hereafter; she was lively, ingenuous, and engaging; she knew no reason for concealing her thoughts, therefore she uttered them without reserve.

In those days, mothers thought it their duty to check their daughters, when they discovered an over-lively disposition; levity
of

of temper was thought to indicate something wrong in the head or the heart; they feared it would lead them into error from misconduct, and finally to punishment.

Mabel was talkative, curious, and inquisitive; she was desired to listen more, and to speak less. Ursula, an old servant of Lady Calverly's, was appointed governess to Mabel; she instructed her in all kinds of needlework, and she was ordered to restrain her immoderate love of talking. Ursula desired her to wear in her heart a certain proverb; "Maids should be seen, but not heard." Mabel thought this a hard saying, but she had no resource; she was obliged to bury her thoughts in her own bosom till night set her tongue at liberty. She slept with her sister Edith, whose gentleness and affection permitted her to unburden her mind, and to prattle as much as she pleased, which was till sleep locked up all her faculties, and laid her tongue to rest.—Mabel used to dream frequently, which proved that her mind was not idle while her body reposed; she always told her sister her dreams as soon as she waked; this was her amusement till Ursula called her to rise, and Edith sometimes suspected

pected she dreamed waking as well as sleeping. Mabel used to dream of fine houses, delightful gardens full of flowers and fruits, shady bowers full of singing birds, and murmuring streams; sometimes she dreamed of strict mothers, proud sisters, and cross governesses; she had not yet begun to dream of knights or 'squires; but we shall find, that in due time her reveries wanted no kind of embellishment.

Edith frequently advised her to leave off telling her dreams and fancies; but, she said, she could not forbear doing it, it relieved her mind, and, in short, it was the greatest pleasure of her life.

Sir John Calverly was fond of his sisters and brother; Mabel and Lionel were his favourites; he would set them upon his knees, and caress them like a father, and they loved him as if he was really so. He liked to hear Mabel prattle, and she was happy in the indulgence, till my lady was tired of hearing her; she used then to send Mabel to her governess, and reproved Sir John for indulging her propensity to talk overmuch.

Sir John used frequently to make journeys to and from London; he had recommended

mended Richard Woodville, Clement's elder brother, to the notice of the Earl of Suffolk, one of the King's greatest favourites; by his interest he was appointed one of the King's household servants, and he was afterwards promoted to be one of his attendants on the King's person.

Clement Woodville frequently attended Sir John in his journeys; he saw and conversed with his brother, who wished to place him near himself, and to keep him at court. Clement's opinions were different; he was more inclined to take the side of the Barons than that of the King. Richard was a warm royalist; he thought the King could do nothing wrong: he looked upon him as the landlord of the kingdom, and that the lives, liberties, and properties of the subjects, were all at his disposal. He asked his brother, whether he expected to gain preferment by joining with those who presumed to check the King and to limit his expences, I would sooner do so, replied Clement, than join with those who flatter and mislead him, to his own ruin, and that of the kingdom. Go to them, said Richard, but expect neither friendship nor preferment from me, unless
you

you alter your opinions, and consent to sail with the tide of the times.

The following year the Earl of Suffolk was impeached in parliament of high crimes and misdemeanors against the state; he was convicted of them in the presence of the King, who publicly reproved him, and consented to his imprisonment. He was committed to the custody of the Duke of Gloucester, who, as high constable of the kingdom, sent him prisoner to Windsor-castle. The parliament appointed a committee of eleven noblemen to inspect the revenue of the crown ever since the King's accession to the throne, and to reform all the abuses of the late administration, and the King swore solemnly to abide by their decision.

Sir John Calverly was of the King's council at this time; he advised him to endeavour to recover the confidence and affection of his people, and to agree to what the parliament proposed; he hoped by this measure that peace and harmony would be restored between the King and his people. The parliament, satisfied with this redress of grievances, hoped to see better days in future; they confided in the new administration; they broke
up,

up, and returned to their respective homes, satisfied and happy. Sir John sent Clement Woodville to Calverly-hall, to desire his mother to make preparations for the reception of several gentlemen his friends, whom he should bring home with him to celebrate the festival of Christmas, which was just approaching.

In those days, Christmas was kept as so solemn a festival ought to be. The nobility and gentry of this land entertained their friends, neighbours, and tenants, with great munificence and hospitality, though, perhaps, not so much luxury, as has been seen in later times, when every day in the week is kept as a festival, not indeed to God, or to man, but to certain pagan deities, called Bacchus and Venus.

In the good old times, Charity extended her hands, she fed the hungry, she clothed the naked, she sent firing and bedding to all those that stood in need of them, she cheered the afflicted heart, and bade all her children rejoice at that sacred commemoration, which proclaimed, "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will towards men.*"—The ladies of the family of Calverly thought them-

themselves well employed in making preparations to receive their guests, and providing for their entertainment and accommodation.

Sir John and his friends came to Calverly-hall three days before Christmas ; I will only mention the names of the principal guests. Sir Oliver de Marney, Sir Michael Brettenham, Sir William Truffel, Sir Reginald Cobham, eldest son to the Lord Cobham, with several other young gentleman of family and fortune. Sir John Calverly desired the company of his mother and sisters at his table. The good lady was scrupulous about bringing her daughters into men's company, but her son insisted on it. He told her, that he was proud of his sisters ; that he wished them to be seen, as a step to their being married in due time ; that he brought with him a set of gallant bachelors, out of which she might choose a son-in-law, or, perhaps, more, and such as would do honour to the family.

My Lady made objections to introducing her daughters, lest it should be suspected she had any such expectations. Sir John said, he would take all that imputation upon himself ; he laughed at her scruples. My Lady retired,

retired, saying, it was not so in her young days.

They celebrated the festival with becoming solemnity ; the day after, Lady Calverly invited a neighbouring family to meet her guests, Sir Hugh Burleigh and his Lady, with two sons and four daughters ; she thought the other young ladies' company would lessen the impropriety of that of her daughters : she wished one of them might captivate her son, and she had laid her eye upon the eldest son for one of her daughters. These thoughts proceeded from the best of motives ; she wished that her children might settle near her, that she might see them frequently.

They had a sumptuous dinner in the great hall, without any carpet under their feet, or lifting upon the doors ; but they had a noble fire, with part of the body of an old tree behind, and 'logs of all sizes piled round it. There was no noisy or disorderly mirth, but there was cheerfulness and decorum. After dinner the ladies retired into a large parlour, wainscotted with English oak, and ornamented with the portraits of the ancestors of the Calverly family. The gentlemen
soon

soon followed them; they rose from table with cool heads, warm hearts, and light heels; they thought themselves honoured to touch the hands of a fair lady, and to lead her into the dance. They had neither tea nor coffee, but cakes and comfets, with light and pleasant wines, chiefly made at home, and plenty of good English beer.

This noble company dined at twelve o'clock, supped at six, and danced till twelve, which in those days was called midnight; and it was only at Christmas holidays that they ever set up so late.

They rose by candle light the next morning, they were summoned to breakfast at eight o'clock; there were cold pasties, hams, and tongues, with cold roasted meats, and good beer; afterwards they met in the family chapel and worshipped God, after which they had conversation parties at home, or riding parties abroad. There were neither coaches, nor chaises, nor phaetons, nor curricles; but every lady had her palfrey, and every one a gentleman, who called himself her servant, to attend and protect her; they rode with wind, rain, or snow in their faces, and were not afraid of the air of their own country.

try. The family of Burleigh staid two nights at Calverly-hall; on the third day they returned home, after inviting all the company to return their visit in the following week.

After their departure, in one of the intervals between breakfast and dinner, as the young ladies were sitting in my Lady's apartment, and amusing themselves with their needlework, Lady Calverly spoke of the gentlemen who honoured Calverly-hall with their company; she found something to commend in all of them; she asked her eldest daughter her opinion of the persons and merits of several of them. "If, Isabel, you were to choose an husband from among them, tell me which you would prefer." The young lady blushed—after some minutes' silence she spoke: "Why, really Madam, I have not thought of any such thing; but, I believe, if I were to choose one, it would be him who is heir to a title and a great fortune."—"Oh fie, Isabel! I am sorry to hear that ambition governs you; it is a man's merit rather than his rank, that should entitle him to a young lady's favour."—"So I think," said Edith.—"Yes," said my Lady,

Lady, "but I mean always that he must be
 "a *gentleman* who pretends to a lady of fa-
 "mily."—"I understand it so," said Edith.
 —"Madam," said Isabel, "you have raised
 "my curiosity, will you not gratify it?"—
 "I will in part; there is a gentleman in this
 "company at our house, who has cast an
 "eye of partiality upon you, Isabel; but it
 "is not he that is heir to a Baron's title: he
 "does you and the family honour; but I
 "will not at this time tell you who he is,
 "to mortify your vanity."—"That is ra-
 "ther cruel of you, Madam; but I will en-
 "deavour to correct my curiosity, since you
 "are not disposed to indulge it."—

Isabel stood corrected: the two younger
 ladies looked earnestly at their mother; they
 seemed desirous to know farther particulars.
 "My dear girls," said my Lady, "you
 "shall know every thing in proper time.
 "Mabel, your eyes sparkle with curiosity,
 "mind your work, and learn to suppress it;
 "for it is not necessary that you should be
 "the first to know every thing of conse-
 "quence in the family."—Mabel thought it
 very hard that her eyes might not ask ques-
 tions when her tongue was quiet. Edith
 smiled

smiled but was silent; but she thought on something that was not unpleasing to her.

My Lady suffered some days to pass without gratifying the curiosity she had raised. Sir John was impatient to present a servant to his sister; he inquired whether she was informed of the important conquest she had made. She answered, that her mother had told her enough to make her wish to know more, but had refused to explain it at that time. Sir John broke the ice at once, and told her it was Sir William Truffel. He expatiated upon his family, fortune, and merit, and said, she ought to think herself honoured by the proposal. Isabel referred to her mother, and Sir John went directly to her apartments, where he learned the reasons of my Lady's delay, and was satisfied of the cause of it. The day following he introduced Sir William Truffel to his sister, who received him in a stately manner, and seemed to expect the homage due to a princess. The lover was not pleased with his reception; he complained of the disdain and cruelty of the lady. Sir John encouraged him to persist. My Lady was desired to use her influence. Another interview passed; still she

was

was high and scornful. The mother interrogated her; had she any particular dislike to Sir William?—No.—Why then did she behave so proudly to him?—Isabel said, he was almost a stranger to her, and that he ought to wait her time: that she might, perhaps, have better offers, and she was not in a hurry.—My Lady checked this idea; she told her, that woman did not deserve a worthy husband, who could keep a gentleman in suspense from such a motive; that she would not allow such principles to govern any child of her's; and finally, that she must either accept Sir William, or else give him a proper denial and dismiss him entirely.—Isabel said, that men were unreasonable creatures; that if she had accepted him at the first offer, he might have thought her too forward, and that was worse than being thought too coy.—My Lady desired her to consider well before she rejected him, that she was not likely to have a better offer, and if she had no dislike to him, gratitude should inspire her with affection for the man who had distinguished her from all other women, and offered her his hand, heart, and fortune.—

Isabel considered the matter again ; she thought better of it—she reflected that husbands were not offered every day, and that a present good was preferable to a future contingency. At the next interview with Sir William she was more gracious to him, and in every succeeding interview she became more compliable. In ten days after, Sir William declared his wishes and his hopes to all the company. The report circulated through every part of the family, it reached the ear of Clement Woodville, and from thence struck his heart like the feathered arrow of a cross-bow. He pined inwardly, he lost his appetite and rest, and took to his bed. The family were so engrossed by their company, and the desired match, that his sickness was not so much observed as it would have been at any other time. Edith soon had knowledge of it : she felt his sorrows, and guessed the cause of his illness ; she daily inquired after his health, and sent him friendly messages.

The family and their guests returned the visit of the Burleigh family, Mabel was thought too young to be one of the party. Edith complained of the tooth-ach and desired

fired to be left at home. How far it was real is not easy to determine, but she certainly preferred staying at home to all the proposed pleasures of the visit to Burleigh-house. The heir of that family had made some advances towards her; had paid her very pointed attentions. She disliked him, and was glad to avoid his company. After the company were set out, Edith sent her maid to inquire after the health of Master Clement, for so he was called in the family. Jane had every day received and returned messages between these two friends. Edith wished to see him, but would not be guilty of the impropriety of going to his apartment. She ordered Jane to ask whether he was well enough to walk down into the parlour, where the family used to meet when alone.

Edith and her sister Mabel walked in the garden; it was a clear frosty day, a fine blue sky, and the sun deigned to illuminate the scene. These young ladies had no idea of being afraid of the cold; they walked above an hour, and came in warm and refreshed.

As they entered the hall Clement met them; he looked pale and sickly, but endeavoured

voured to appear cheerful. Edith was doubtful how to address him, Mabel saved her the trouble. "Oh dear, how glad I am to see you well enough to leave your room! how do you, Mr. Clement?"—Clement bowed and thanked her. "I am better, I hope, and I am desirous to pay my acknowledgements to you, ladies, for your very kind inquiries after a man, who has almost thought himself forgotten by all beside you."—"That is impossible;" said Edith, "every body has been concerned for you; but Sir John has been so much engaged that he could not see you so often as he wished; but he loves and pities you."—"I ought not to doubt it, Madam. I am, indeed, comforted by your goodness to me, and I will strive to deserve it."—"Then strive to be well, Sir; I wish I knew of any thing that would do you good."—"Your compassion, Madam, is a powerful medicine; I feel the effects of it. How can a man be entirely wretched when the fair Edith pities and relieves him?"—"And pray," says Mabel, "does not my pity do you as much good as my sister's?"—"You are very good, my dear young lady,"

"I am

"I am inexpressibly obliged to you both."—
 "If you desire to oblige us in return," said
 Edith, "cast away care and melancholy, be
 "well and cheerful. Do yourself the jus-
 "tice to believe, that if there are some peo-
 "ple that neglect and slight your merit,
 "there are others who regard you more for
 "this very reason."—"That is most sweetly
 "said, Madam; I will make your friendship
 "my only remedy; I will wear it next my
 "heart, and I believe, I trust it will cure
 "me."—Edith blushed and felt confused, she
 feared she had spoken too freely; she took
 her sister's hand, curtsied, and withdrew.
 She left Clement with an improved aspect,
 his eye was brightened, and his heart cheered.
 She heard him say, as we went from him,
 "I will no more despair of peace and hap-
 "piness, since an angel deigns to be my com-
 "forter."

"It seems to me," said Mabel, "that
 "your pity does him more good than mine,
 "and I cannot find out the reason of it."—
 "There is no reason to be found, my dear;
 "his gratitude is equal to us both, and he
 "only names me first as being the elder sis-
 "ter."—"Oh, that is it then! I hope I
 "shall

"shall in time have my share of people's
 "gratitude and politeness, but at present
 "my elder sisters seem to take it all to them-
 "selves; all the gentlemen bow, and com-
 "pliment, and make fine speeches to you and
 "Isabel, but they treat me like a child.
 "Well, perhaps one day it may be my turn."

—Edith smiled; she begged her to have pa-
 tience, and it would come to her turn soon
 enough. They went to their own apart-
 ment; they plied their needles with Ursula
 till they were called to dinner. Clement
 did not come down to dinner that day; they
 walked again in the afternoon till it grew
 duskish. Edith's tooth-ach was finely abated:
 Mabel prattled as much as she pleased, and
 they went to rest in perfect health and cheer-
 fulness.

The next morning Jane was sent with her
 usual message to Master Clement. She
 brought word that he had a good night's rest,
 and was finely to-day; that he wished to
 speak with Madam Edith alone; and he
 would meet her in the dining parlour an hour
 before dinner. Edith had some difficulty to
 amuse Mabel, and to make her go another
 way; she fixed her at last, and was more
 than

than punctual to her appointment. She waited a quarter of an hour before Clement arrived, he apologized for losing so many minutes of her company ; she excused herself for coming before the time, fearing they should be interrupted by Mabel.

Clement begged pardon for the liberty he was about to take, but her goodness had encouraged him to open his heart to her. He confessed that he had loved Madam Isabel too much for his peace, but he had never made her any positive declaration of it. He knew she had perceived the secret of his heart, by the disdain she had shewn him, which before time she was not wont to do, for of late she had not behaved with common civility, but had treated him like a slave, not worthy of her notice : he confessed that his folly had deserved the punishment, and that when he heard of the proposed marriage, it quite overcame him, but that he was now resolved to get the better of it : that he begged to know whether the match was certainly to take place, and how soon.—Edith replied, that she had always esteemed him as a most deserving friend, and that she wished to do him every service in her power. She told

him the marriage was concluded on, but she could not tell the time certainly ; as soon as she was informed of it, she would let him know it. He said, that was the favour he meant to ask of her ; he saw that he was not despised by her, that she had generous pity for his past sufferings, and that his gratitude would not end but with his life. She said, that her friendship for him could not be shaken, unless by his misconduct, which she was persuaded could never happen. He wished for an opportunity to show his sense of her merit, and wished her to command him upon all occasions as the most humble of her servants. They repeated professions of friendship on one side, and service on the other ; the time passed away unperceived, till Mabel entered the room, and the servants prepared for dinner.

Edith hoped that Clement would give them his company at table, he declared his readiness to attend her. Father Michael, the chaplain, made the fourth person at the table ; they had a cheerful meal, and an agreeable conversation afterwards, till the young ladies chose to retire to their apartments, and Clement to his own.

The

The next morning, the servant that slept in Clement's apartment told Jane, that Master Clement had a blessed night, that he slept quietly, but sometimes talked in his sleep; that he talked of Madam Edith, and said she had cured him. Jane charged him not to say a word of this kind to any body but herself; she took care to convey this intelligence to the ear of her young lady, who gave her the same injunctions.

The next day the family returned home. Sir John reproached himself with neglect towards his friend Clement; he visited him directly, and was agreeably surpris'd to find him recovered of his illness. Lady Calverly was pleas'd to hear it, they all rejoic'd at it except Madam Isabel, who took pleasure in giving him continual mortifications.

Clement desired that he might in future (when company were in the house) eat in the steward's apartment; Lady Calverly imputed this request to his modesty, but Sir John reluctantly gave way to it.

At length the time came for this noble company to separate. Edith kept her word to her friend; she told him that the marriage was not to be celebrated immediately, that Sir

William was gone to make preparations for his approaching nuptials, and was to return at the end of a month to receive his bride; the family of Calverly were to prepare for the solemnity at that time. Clement thanked her for the intelligence; he asked permission of his patron to visit some relations at that time: he departed soon after, but not without taking a leave of Madam Edith, that was rather too tender for the style of friendship.

The whole family were now engaged in preparing for the approaching marriage. Sir John was attentive to his sister's interest; he made a handsome addition to her fortune, and obtained an increase of settlement for her; he declared that it would be his pride and pleasure to see all his sisters well married before he should engage himself.

Lady Calverly wished him to be married sooner: she proposed Sir Hugh Burleigh's eldest daughter to him, he declined it respectfully; she proposed the second and the third, but he put them by. My Lady asked, did he like any other lady better? He answered yes, many others. Who are they? He begged to be excused at this time; when-
 ever

ever he was disposed to enter the state of matrimony, he would certainly acquaint his mother: this was all the answer Lady Calverly could get from her son.

The month soon rolled round. Sir William Truffel returned to claim his promised bride. He brought with him a sister and an aunt to do honour to his lady, and to attend her home to his own seat: they were escorted by several gentlemen, his relations and friends. Sir John invited others on his part, and the house was again filled with company.

Mabel's mind was engaged in the parade and bustle of the time. She told Edith she thought a wedding made a great deal of confusion and trouble in a family, and yet there was something very pleasant in the preparations: that it gave a great deal of consequence to the bride, who was paid as much respect as if she was a princess. Edith smiled at her remarks; she said, there was but one circumstance in it that would give her any pleasure, and that was, being united to the man whom she could prefer to all others. "But," said Mabel, "they say
"one must be in love first; I wish I knew

“ what is meant by being in love ? ” — “ Why “ being married, to be sure,” said Ursula, who had heard their conversation. — “ What ! ” said Mabel, “ must one be married first ? ” — “ Oh yes ; ” said Ursula, “ people marry “ first, and love comes afterward, for then “ it becomes a duty.” — “ That is very “ strange,” said Mabel, “ I do not understand it.” — “ No matter,” said Ursula, “ you will know it when it is necessary, at “ present there is no occasion for you to talk “ or to think about it.” — “ How can I help “ it ? ” said Mabel, “ when I see and hear of “ it every day of my life.” — “ That is very “ true,” said Edith, “ and I think Ursula “ requires too much of you, Mabel.” — Ursula muttered, that “ Little pitchers had “ wide ears,” and many such good proverbs ; but Mabel could not understand the reason of her prohibitions.

The nuptial rites were celebrated with all the respect, pomp, and festivity, that became the two families that day united. There was feasting, music, dancing, and every expression of mirth and happiness.

While the company sat at dinner, an harper of the West country came in, and performed

formed some of his finest airs. He sung the noble acts of Arthur King of Britain, and of his knights of the round table; the valiant actions of Sir Gawaine his nephew; the story of Sir Tristram and the fair Isotta; of Sir Lancelot du Lake; Sir Lukyn, and Sir Kaye: the treason of the base Sir Mordred, and the death of the great Arthur: the prophecy of Merlin, that Arthur himself, or one of his name, should one day restore the honour of Wales, and the glory of Britain, and that this blessing shall long be expected before it shall arrive.

Madam Isabel seemed to enjoy her own consequence; she was the queen of the day, and every one paid homage to her: healths to her honour and happiness were circulated briskly, and all the company took part in the family joy. After dinner they retired to dancing, and continued it till the evening was far advanced; the bride, and her mother, and sisters retired, and the company did not tarry long afterwards.

The next morning early, Mabel awakened Edith to tell her her dream. Edith chid her, and desired her to go to sleep again. "Pray, my dear sister, hear me! you cannot think
" what

" what a strange and curious dream I have
 " had to-night." — " You never consider,
 " Mabel, that you spoil my dreams and my
 " rest too ; be quiet, I will not hear you."—
 " Oh, my dear Edith, hear me only this one
 " time ! it is not a common one ; let me tell
 " you now lest I should forget it."—" If
 " you do I will forgive you."—" Now that
 " is very cross ; it is not like my own Edith,
 " but like Isabel. I have been frightened
 " very much ; my heart beats so that you
 " may hear it if you listen, and I want you
 " to hear and to comfort me."—" Well, if it
 " gave you pain, you had better go to sleep
 " and forget it."—" Yes, it gave me pain,
 " that is sure, but then it gave me some
 " pleasure too. Oh, my sweet sister, I never
 " felt the like before !"—" So, then, this
 " must have been a strange dream ; I do not
 " know whether I ought to listen to it."—
 " Oh, yes, you must, indeed ; I am sure
 " there is no harm in it."—" Well, then,
 " tell it at once, and let me hear no more of
 " it."—

" Sister, I was adreamed that I was walk-
 " ing in the midst of a wood, the birds sung
 " sweetly, the water murmured, the flowers
 " grew

"grew round me, and the sun shone so bright
 "that it dazzled my eyes, so that I retired
 "into the wood for to shade me from its
 "beams. So I went on and on, in a very
 "narrow path, till I heard somebody groan
 "sadly, so I went on to see where the groans
 "came from."—Here Edith laughed: "Fine
 "stuff to talk of, Mabel; I wonder you are
 "not ashamed of it."—"Why should I be
 "ashamed, Edith? You have not heard it
 "yet, and I assure you it is nothing to laugh
 "at."—"You must even run on, for it is to
 "no purpose to oppose you."—Mabel pro-
 ceeded—"I went to the place from whence
 "the groans came, and there I saw laid at
 "his length upon the earth, the finest young
 "knight that ever my eyes beheld."—Edith
 laughed again; Mabel went on—"So he
 "said he was wounded, and like to die, un-
 "less I would cure him."—"Better and bet-
 "ter," said Edith; "I wonder where this
 "dream will end!"—"So I kneeled down
 "beside him; I wept for him, and I prayed
 "for him, but all would not do him any
 "good. He said his enemy had wounded
 "him, and his friend only could cure him.
 "I asked him what I could do for him? he
 "said,

" said, I must kneel down by him and kiss
 " his wounds; so I kneeled down, put my
 " lips to his, and kissed him."—" Oh, fie,
 " sister Mabel! I protest you make me blush;
 " I am ashamed for you."—" Well, and so
 " do I blush, but I do not know why,
 " and yet I must tell you the rest of
 " it."—" Pray haste then, to conclude."—
 " I thought the knight revived by degrees;
 " he asked me to help him to rise, I did so,
 " and he told me I had made him well; just
 " as Clement told you the other day."—
 " So, then, you are a shrewd observer, Ma-
 " bel; nothing escapes you."—" Well, he
 " told me all his wounds were cured except
 " one in his bosom, which he shewed me,
 " but said he knew a way to cure that. I
 " felt so easy and happy, that I thought I
 " could have flown away like a bird. I curt-
 " sied to him, and made a motion to leave
 " him—he frowned and looked sternly at me.
 " I went a little way from him, on a sudden
 " he seized me and held me fast; he took a
 " penknife out of his bosom, he cut open
 " my breast and took out my heart, he took
 " his own heart and put it into my heart's
 " place, and put mine into his own bosom.
 " I felt

" I felt such a pain as I cannot describe ; I
 " kneeled, wept, and prayed him to restore
 " me my heart again ; he shewed me the
 " wound in his bosom perfectly healed, but
 " mine was in the same pain as before. He
 " went away from me in anger, yet still me-
 " thought I loved him. I strove to follow
 " him, but could not overtake him : I pray-
 " ed to the blessed Virgin and to all the
 " saints in the Calendar, but none took
 " pity on me. I wandered through nar-
 " row paths full of briars and thorns that
 " scratched and wounded me, but still I
 " minded nothing but the pain in my heart,
 " I could even now weep to think of it."—

" Oh, my poor Mabel ! this is a sad story,
 " indeed ; but it was only a dream, and you
 " ought not to think any more of it."—
 " Oh, but this is not all ! I went through a
 " thousand perils and dangers ; I was pur-
 " sued by wild beasts and by venomous crea-
 " tures ; I ran till all my strength was gone,
 " and then I fell down and fainted away.
 " When I opened my eyes again, I saw my
 " knight coming to my assistance ; he took
 " me up and embraced me ; he said he was
 " sorry to leave me in such a situation, but
 " that

“ that he could not help it ; that my present
 “ suffering was over, but he feared there
 “ was more trouble in store for us. He led
 “ me through many ugly paths, but I feared
 “ nothing when he was with me. At length
 “ we got into a better path, which opened
 “ upon a fine prospect : we saw a goodly
 “ mansion house, we went towards it ; as
 “ we came near it, we heard the sound of
 “ music and rejoicing. He led me into a
 “ great hall where many people were toge-
 “ ther. They came and welcomed me as
 “ the mistress of that house, and said that
 “ the gentleman was master of it. All my
 “ relations were there to meet me, an enter-
 “ tainment was prepared, I was placed under
 “ a canopy with my knight by my side, and
 “ he called me his charming bride. I felt
 “ myself so happy as I cannot describe ; I
 “ thought nothing of my past sufferings, but
 “ that now they were well rewarded. All
 “ on a sudden methought the canopy fell
 “ down upon our heads, and crushed us both
 “ to death. I started, shrieked, and awaked
 “ in such a terror as is past all description.
 “ My poor heart beat as if it would come
 “ through my body, and I could hardly fetch
 “ my

“ my breath ; this made me waken you, in
 “ hopes you would comfort me : I ask your
 “ pardon for disturbing you, but really I
 “ could not help it.”—“ My dear Mabel I
 “ forgive you with all my heart : I am not
 “ surprised that you should be terrified at so
 “ alarming a dream, I am affected by it my-
 “ self ; but, indeed, my sister, you give too
 “ much attention to dreams ; if you were to
 “ endeavour to suppress them, and not talk
 “ or think of them, I verily believe you
 “ would not dream so much.”—

“ Well, my dear Edith, I will strive to
 “ follow your advice henceforward, for truly
 “ I do not wish to have any more such
 “ dreams as this last.”—“ Then, my dear,
 “ you will make a wise use of it, and, per-
 “ haps, avoid such in future.

“ It is time for us to rise ; let us rejoice
 “ and be thankful for the blessings that sur-
 “ round us, and not suffer idle dreams to in-
 “ terrupt our happiness.”—

The young ladies arose, they were nearly
 dressed when the servant entered the room.
 Edith begged her sister not to tell her dream
 to the maid servant, nor to talk with her
 upon such subjects, nor be too familiar with
 her.

her. "May I not tell Ursula? She tells me
 "her's sometimes."—"You may if you
 "choose it; but believe me she will chide
 "you for it."—"What for dreaming?"—
 "Yes, and for talking about it too."—
 "Well, you are all so much wiser than I,
 "that I find I must either keep silence or be
 "corrected."—"Correct yourself, my dear
 "Mabel, and you will want no other moni-
 "tor."—Mabel sighed, "You will either
 "chide me or laugh at what I am going to
 "say; but my heart feels now as if it had
 "been removed out of its place."—"Com-
 "pose yourself, my sister; have a little pa-
 "tience, keep your own secret, and all will
 "come right again."—This dream made an
 impression on Mabel's mind which she could
 not soon get rid of.

The family was summoned to breakfast
 at a later hour than usual; the ladies met
 in the eating parlour, the gentlemen in the
 great hall. The old harper was summoned
 to attend them. He sung the blessings of
 holy marriage, examples of conjugal fidelity
 and happiness, and the punishments that suc-
 ceed the violation of the marriage vow. He
 sung the chaste and noble love of the fair
 prin-

princess Eleanor to her lord Edward, the first of that name since the conquest; how she sucked the poison from his wound to the extreme hazard of her own precious life; but Providence inspired the injured prince of Joppa to vindicate his honour, and restore her to her despairing lord. He sung the loves of Henry the second and the fair Rosamond; the jealous rage of an incensed queen, and the deplorable end of that beautiful lady. A warning to princes as well as private men. How Henry, with all his great and kingly qualities, lost the duty and affection of his queen, and of his children, by his incontinence, and was forsaken in his old age by those who should have made his latter days honourable and happy. He sung of the long, happy, and unshaken union of the illustrious king Edward the third, and his excellent lady the queen Philippa; he prayed for the prosperity of their generous offspring, and wished there might never be wanting one of the race of Plantagenet to sit upon the throne of England.

The harper was generously rewarded for his pains; he was noticed by all the company; Sir John Calverly entertained him, and
 paid

paid him the usual fees, and the bridegroom made him an handsome present beside.

The gentlemen divided into parties ; some walked in the garden, some rode out on horseback ; they all returned to dinner, where they met the ladies, and spent the evening in dancing, or in agreeable conversation.

Mabel was ordered to spend some hours with Ursula, and though forewarned, she could not forbear telling her dream. Ursula made very serious remarks—" It seems to me," said she, " that you will fall into trouble from your own misconduct, and towards men especially."---" Then you do believe in dreams after all that you have said against them ?"---" No, not in every idle fancy ; but sometimes they may be sent as warnings, to prepare us for great events, and to put us upon guarding against the consequences of our faults. Thus, for instance, you should suppress your love for talking, your excessive curiosity, and your freedom of behaviour towards men, lest some one should take advantage of your imprudence, and make you feel that pain in your heart that was

" so

“ so grievous to you : thus you may make a
 “ wise use of your dreams, as well as of eve-
 “ ry other method of instruction.”—“ Is
 “ love always attended with a pain in the
 “ heart, Ursula ?”—“ Yes, my child, except
 “ when people are so wise as to wait for the
 “ commands of their parents, and accept the
 “ husband they recommend ; in that case
 “ they need apprehend neither pain nor trou-
 “ ble.”—“ Nor yet pleasure I suppose, Ur-
 “ fula ?”—“ That is a very impertinent sup-
 “ position ; you should hear more and speak
 “ less ; you should not suffer your mind to
 “ run upon stories of knights, and ’squires,
 “ and fine houses and gardens, and such idle
 “ fancies. Pray to the blessed Virgin to as-
 “ sist you and to guard you against the dan-
 “ gers of your sex.”—“ Ah, but how can I
 “ help it, Ursula, when I see them every
 “ day before me, when the house is full of
 “ gay company, and there is feasting every
 “ day, and dancing every evening ?”—“ Well,
 “ that is true, I cannot deny it : these
 “ things are likely to put idle thoughts into
 “ young heads ; however you must strive
 “ against them : these frolics will soon be
 “ over, the company will soon leave us, the
 “ house

“house will be quiet again, and I shall be very
 “glad when it is.”---“Ah, but, Ursula, I
 “am afraid I shall be very sorry when they
 “go away, and how must I do to help it?”---
 “Mind your lessons, and your works, and
 “your prayers, and they will cure all vain,
 “idle thoughts and wishes.”---“Well, I
 “will try all I can, Ursula.”——

The company were separated after spending three weeks at Calverly-hall. Sir John attended Sir William and his lady to their own mansion, and spent some weeks there. The family returned to its usual state of quietness and uniformity. Edith enjoyed the tranquillity of a private life, but Mabel regretted the loss of the gay company; neither of them grieved for the departure of their sister, and even the mother bore it with great philosophy. Mabel was rather of a romantic turn of mind; the old housekeeper had a great collection of stories. Mabel often visited her apartments, and furnished herself with subjects for her dreams at night, and her waking reveries.

Sir John went from his brother-in-law's seat to London, where he spent some time, and found all his former fears and doubts renewed

newed. Very soon after the Parliament broke up, the King returned to his former courses. He quarrelled with the Duke of Gloucester; he obliged him to release the Earl of Suffolk, his evil counsellor; he threatened to revoke every thing done in the late Parliament, declaring against advice, which he called compulsion. Sir John Calverly attempted to convince him of the dangers he incurred, but he held every man for his enemy that opposed his conduct.

Clement Woodville met Sir John in London; he was quite recovered in health and spirits, and returned with him to Calverly-hall, where he was graciously received by every part of the family. Sir John was very fond of his younger sisters, whose graces and merits rose upon him daily; he wished to see them happily established. He was commissioned to make a proposal to Edith; it was an old knight and a widower that offered. Sir John insisted that this proposal should be left to his sister's determination, and that she should not be urged, nor yet over-persuaded to accept it. Lady Calverly mentioned it with this permission. Edith refused it absolutely, and gratefully acknowledged the li-

berty allowed her. When Lady Calverly was alone with her son, she reported Edith's denial. He said he expected it, and was not surprised. He said, "My dear mother has often wished me to marry; she has recommended several deserving young ladies to me. I would pay every kind of respect to her opinion, but the heart will make its own choice in preference to that of any other person. The truth is, mine has long since fixed upon its object, and I must either marry to please myself, or else remain single."—

"Sir John, I shall rejoice to see you married, provided the lady is a suitable match for you. I hope you respect the honour of your family too much to introduce an improper person into it."—

"Pray, Madam, tell me your requisites for the wife of your son, and then I shall know whether my beloved object can answer to them."—

"First, I expect that she shall be descended from an honourable family."—

"Very well, Madam, we can answer to that point."—

"Se-

“ Secondly, She should bring you a fortune sufficient to enable you to pay your sisters and brothers their portions without making any alteration in your present manner of living.”—

“ There we must fail : but what she wants in fortune, she shall supply in merit.”—

“ Merit may as easily be found with a good fortune as without it, and the woman you make your wife will expect the same expences and indulgencies if she brings no fortune, as if she had brought an equal one.”—

“ That may be true, Madam ; but where these requisites must be separated, I should choose merit in preference to fortune. I will be contented to retrench my manner of living, to be blest with the woman I love.”—

“ I feared something of this kind from your declining my recommendation ; I am concerned to find it so. Your wife, Sir John, ought to have some dignity to command the respect of others, to support and adorn your family and consequence.”—

“ She will adorn it with the dignity of virtue, prudence, and oeconomy ; I say no-

“ thing of her beauty and accomplishments,
“ I throw them into the scale.”—

“ She ought to have had a good education.”—

“ She has had the best this country can
“ afford. She lost her mother while she was
“ an infant, her father died while she was
“ still a child ; her friends placed her in a
“ convent, where she has been under the particular care of the abbess, who speaks
“ highly of her merits and virtues.”—

“ And who is this paragon of beauty and
“ accomplishments ?”

“ I am not ashamed to name her, Maria
“ Woodville.”—

“ Ah, me ! all my fears are verified in
“ despite of all my precautions.”—

“ Your precautions were wise, but they
“ were ineffectual ; I thank you for your
“ cares for the dear girl’s education : you designed her for a nun, but she has no vocation to it. The abbess is my friend, she
“ knows of my attachment and seconds my
“ views.”—

“ Then you must have practised upon her
“ integrity, and you have succeeded by such
“ means as you will not acknowledge. To

" what purpose, Sir, do you consult me when
 " you have taken your resolution and your
 " measures ?"—

" Because, Madam, I wish you to con-
 " sent to my marriage ; because I would
 " have you be a mother to my wife as well
 " as to your other children, and that you
 " should extend your advice and protection
 " to her also : she reveres you, and would
 " submit to your injunctions."—

" I cannot approve nor consent to it. Your
 " father never intended that the Woodvilles
 " should be his heirs."—

" He adopted them for his children ; he
 " recommended them to my care in his last
 " moments ; he did not forbid me to ally
 " with them ; I have persuaded myself
 " that he would not have opposed my
 " wishes."---

" People easily believe what they wish to
 " be true. I am of a different opinion ; but
 " what will that avail if you have taken
 " your resolution ?"---

" It is taken, Madam, and I am sorry that
 " you are displeased with it."---

" I have also taken mine, Sir ; I and my
 " daughters will go to Eglantine Bower,

“ which I reserved for my retreat ; we will
 “ not stay here to do honour to your
 “ bride.”---

“ I am sorry for it, Madam ; nothing
 “ could give me so much pleasure ; I honour
 “ my mother, I love my sisters, and I hoped
 “ that we should continue together, and be
 “ a happy and united family.”---

“ Sir William and Lady Truffel will be
 “ proud of their new relation, Sir.”---

“ My sister Isabel is too proud to be hap-
 “ py, or to make others so. I thought that
 “ quality was of her own rearing, but I
 “ fear she derives it from you, Madam.”---

“ I leave you, Sir ; I can hear no more af-
 “ ter this reproach.”---

“ No, Madam, I will leave you. Con-
 “ sider of what has passed, consent to your
 “ son’s happiness, and he will always con-
 “ sult your’s.”---

Sir John left his mother to her reflections ;
 they were painful to her ; she kept them in
 her own bosom, still hoping to vanquish his
 resolution. She made several attempts, but
 to no purpose. A coldness took place be-
 tween them, and my lady made preparations
 for leaving Calverly-hall.

She

She had an old servant called Gervase Bramber, who had lived in her father's family, and in whom she put confidence. She told him that Sir John was likely to be married soon, and she had always intended, whenever that event happened, to remove to Eglantine Bower.

She ordered him to go thither to prepare the house for her reception, to select some of the tenants' sons and daughters to be her servants, and to have the house aired, and got ready as soon as possible.

Lady Calverly's coldness extended to Clement Woodville, who till now had been one of her favourites : she began to fear that future alliances might arise ; and she behaved with pride and reserve to him. Clement complained to his friend, who resented it for him, and this family, formerly so happy, was now full of distrust and suspicion.

Sir John asked his mother whether Clement had done any thing to disoblige her, and why she had altered her behaviour to him.

My lady answered, it was high time that he should be kept at a greater distance both by her and her daughters.

Sir John smiled. He told her this precaution came rather too late.

My lady was angry. "It is a mother's duty to guard her daughters, Sir; I know that Clement actually once looked up to Isabel."—

"Perhaps he might, Madam; I am sure she looked *down* upon him, and it was hard that the poor lad might not admire her in silence, for even her vanity should have excused him."—

"I am answered, Sir John; my precautions are justified. Perhaps you may encourage him to aspire to one of your sisters. It is time that I should remove my daughters from your house; I suppose Clement knows your heart and your opinions on these points."—

"Yes, he knows my heart and I know his; but there are many things which he is ignorant of, particularly my addresses to his sister Maria: his elder brother knows it, and so shall he in due time."—

"I am, indeed, surprised that you keep any thing from him."—

"My dear mother, you may trust in Clement's honour and prudence, and I
"with

"with you would place some confidence in me."---

"Oh, my dear son, that you would give me more reason for it!"---

This conversation was concluded by the entrance of the young ladies. Sir John took Mabel upon his knee; he asked her whether she should like that he should give her a new sister instead of Isabel? She answered, she should like any thing that would make him happy. "That is my dear little girl, and you will love your new sister dearly?"---"I shall love all those that you do, as long as I live."---"I thank you, my sweet sister. What say you, my Edith?"---"I say as my sister does, that I will love and respect all those that are dear to you, Sir."---"I will study to requite your affection, and so shall those whom I love best, or they shall no longer be dear to me, I promise you."---

My lady turned the subject to her intended removal.

Sir John expressed great concern to be deprived of their company; he endeavoured to soften her upon the subject, but she was firm and resolved.

She told her daughters to prepare for it as soon as old Bramber should return, and all things were ready for their reception.

While the family were in this situation, Clement met Edith in her favourite walk in the garden. He told her that he was just then informed of Sir John's intended marriage. He expressed surprise in regard to the person whom he should honour with his hand, and his concern at Lady Calverly's resolution to remove to the Bower before the wedding, which declared her disapprobation of it. He complained that he was involved in her displeasure, though he had done nothing to deserve it. Edith comforted him, she desired him to bear patiently the present coolness of her mother, she was certain that her displeasure would not be of long continuance; that when Sir John was actually married, she would relax in her severity, and by degrees all things would come right. She knew her mother's affectionate heart would not suffer her to be long upon ill terms with her son, whom she loved and honoured; that she would be reconciled and make all her children happy.

“ May

"May it be so!" said Clement, "but in the mean time we are deprived of your company; I know the value of your's, Madam, so well, that not even that of my sister can make me amends for it."---

Edith blushed at this sincere compliment; she said she hoped they should see each other sometimes, and that she should always remember him.

Clement was more warm in his expressions of everlasting gratitude, respect, honour, and submission. If Lady Calverly did not forbid him, he would certainly pay his respects to her at the Bower; and in case of a reconciliation, he should frequently find or make occasion for his visits.

They parted with repeated promises of eternal friendship.

Old Bramber returned with tidings, that Eglantine Bower was ready to receive his lady. Sir John had another conversation with his mother; in addition to all that he had said before, he warned her of the cloud that hung over the land; that he feared the king and his people would go to extremities with each other. In case of a civil war a family of women might want a protector,

and he could not so well discharge that duty as if she continued under his roof. Nevertheless he would always be ready to render her every service in his power, and desired her to command him freely ; that in case of danger he would send a trusty friend, and some of his vassals, to defend her upon the first notice. My lady was affected, she wept, but her heart remained inflexible ; she took an affectionate leave of him, saying, the step she was taking was what she had always resolved when he should marry.

Sir John spoke to his sister Edith, he begged her influence in his behalf, to soften his mother, and dispose her to a reconciliation, and a friendly intercourse between the two families. Edith assured him that nothing in her power should be wanting ; she told him, as she had Clement, that she was certain when he should be married, but not before, her mother would relax ; that it was better to let things rest as they were at present, and not to urge my lady any farther, as her resolution was fixed for her departure, and she had named a day in the following week. He was convinced that she was right, and determined to follow her advice.

Sir

Sir John desired his mother to take whatever she liked of the furniture, and such of the servants as she chose to attend her. She thanked him and named them. She desired the old housekeeper might go with her, and recommended Urfula to succeed her. She took Beatrice her own maid servant, and Jane to wait on the young ladies. Old Bramber, and young Jacob his nephew for her footman, and she should supply the rest when she came to the Bower.

Clement offered his services, and begged permission to attend her on her journey—she wished him well, but refused his attendance; she chose to have none but her own servants to attend her.

At length the day of parting arrived. They took a silent farewell. The young ladies' eyes were swelled with tears, and they left Calverly-hall with apparent reluctance; but my lady's firmness was a lesson to them to suppress their emotions. She looked very serious, and her heart was oppressed with painful recollections.

They travelled in a kind of wain, with an awning over it, not near so well made as a caravan of our times; they had cushions to
fit

fit on, and their paraphernalia was with them. Another waggon carried the goods my lady had selected for herself. Sir John insisted on sending his servants with them to conduct and protect them. The roads in those times could hardly be called by that name. A modern fine lady would have been shaken to pieces, in her own dialect; but these travellers arrived whole and in good health at their Eglantine Bower. They lay two nights on the road; the first at a vassal's of Sir John, the second at a farm of my lady's, and the farmer attended them home.

Eglantine Bower had many beauties, it had also its defects. It was situated in a valley between two hills. A rivulet ran near the house and through the garden, which had many pleasant walks in it; one particularly that was shaded from the sun. Behind it, was a thick wood, which had a winding path up the hill, and abated the ascent to it. In the thicker parts of it there were seats here and there for rest and meditation. Through it you saw a beautiful prospect on the opposite side, where the ascent was more gradual; there were to be seen the spires of churches, monasteries, and houses interspersed, which
was

was more pleasing to the beholder. There were cattle feeding, and the occupations of the husbandmen all around, which enlivened the prospect and cheered the heart. The house was neat and convenient. The jessamines, eglandines, and woodbines, grew round the windows, and sometimes forced their way in the rooms.

The front of the house faced the rising sun, the windows were bowed, and there was a balcony in the center, that gave a full view of the agreeable prospect all around. Lady Calverly was partial to this house, because it recalled to her mind many agreeable scenes of the youthful part of her life. The rivulet proceeded from the branch of a neighbouring river, and supplied the house with fish of many kinds, and it afforded amusement to the patient angler.

Lady Calverly found employment for many weeks in setting her house in order, and regulating her household. Here we shall leave this branch of the family for the present, and return to Sir John.

He reflected upon his sister Edith's advice, and was convinced by it. He set out for London a few days after, attended by Clement,

ment, with a resolution to conclude his marriage as soon as possible. Richard Woodville was too well pleased to suffer unnecessary delays; the week following Sir John was married to his long-beloved Maria. The wedding was kept at her brother's, who was then courting an heiress of great fortune, and a ward of the crown. The King favoured his address, and he was fortunate in his pursuits both in love and ambition. Sir John and his lady spent a month with him before they went to Calverly-hall.

In those times there was very little variation of fashion; the same kind of garments continued in fashion during the life of the wearer. The grand suits of clothes were only worn upon high days, festivals, birth-days of the king, queen, and heir-apparent of the crown, marriages, christenings, and other great occasions. Their clothes sometimes descended to their children, and sometimes were devised by their wills to their friends, favourites, and servants, and these legacies were highly valued.

When we read of the magnificence of former times, we must understand them with great limitations. It is true that they sometimes

times wore cloth of gold, but how manufactured we know not; the fashion of the garments we can guess by the remains of antiquity, by pictures, monuments, medals, and coins.

Cloth of gold was often lined with wool-
len, or stuff, and not always of the finest
kinds.

He clothed his children then—not like to other men,
In partye colours strange to see,
The right side cloth of gold—the left side to behold,
Of woollen cloth still framed he.
Men thereat did wonder---golden fame did thunder
This strange deed in every place.

Ballad of the K. of France's Daughter.

See PERCY'S SONGS, Vol. III.

Not two centuries ago the gentry lay upon beds stuffed with straw, and the coverings were of coarse and ordinary materials. The household furniture was very rudely made up; it was sometimes covered with silk or velvet upon great occasions, but very meanly in common.

The floors were made of clay, and when they became so dirty that the sight of them could not be endured, they were strewn over

over with rushes, and this was repeated as often as there was a fresh layer of filth upon it. This custom was the cause of many epidemical disorders in London, we may read of them in history by the name of the plague; but there is great reason to believe they did not resemble the plague of the Eastern countries, but were occasioned by this and other uncleanly customs.

Our ancestors were magnificent in some respects, while in others they were mean and uncomfortable; they were ignorant of the arts of polished manners and of refinements in luxury.

We may with truth assert, that an ordinary citizen or tradesman in London, in the eighteenth century, lives in a state of more elegance and luxury, than men of the first rank and fortune did in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and even the sixteenth centuries; nay, than the greater part of the sovereign princes of Europe.

In our days it is the custom to complain of poverty and oppression, but when we behold the dresses, luxuries, and manners of the lower degrees of people, we must either doubt the truth of these assertions, or else

we

we must believe that they had rather see the ruin of themselves and their posterity, than retrench the least article of their superfluous expences.

In the times of our Gothic ancestors, frugality was an eminent virtue; the man who lived, or dressed beyond his degree in life, would have been scorned, shunned, and despised by all his neighbourhood.

Sir John Calverly and his Lady made their appearance at court; they were graciously received by the King, who remembered and recited the services of Sir Hugh Calverly to himself and his family.

We do not pretend to describe their dresses upon this occasion, but it is presumed they were suitable to their rank and fortune, and the times in which they lived; their inward habits were those of virtue, honour, and fidelity.

King Richard was too fond of dress and gewgaws; he loved public shews, and every thing that indicated a light, vain, and frivolous mind.

Mr. Woodville detained Sir John and his bride six weeks in London, and would have kept them still longer, but they wished to be

at

at Calverly-hall, and to enjoy the pure and unmixed pleasures of the country. Sir John's heart yearned after his mother and sisters; he longed for a perfect reconciliation and a constant intercourse of friendship and good offices, between himself and every part of his family. Such are the genuine wishes and sentiments of an uncorrupted and affectionate heart.

As soon as they arrived at Calverly-hall, Sir John dispatched a messenger to Eglantine Bower, with a letter to this effect :

“ Sir John Calverly and his beloved wife,
 “ throw themselves at the feet of their ho-
 “ noured and beloved mother Lady Calverly;
 “ they implore her blessing, and her prayers,
 “ in order to complete their happiness.

“ They request the favour of a letter to
 “ convey these blessings, and the congratula-
 “ tions of their dearly-beloved sisters, Edith
 “ and Mabel; and they pray daily for the
 “ health and happiness of all at Eglantine
 “ Bower.

“ JOHN and MARIA CALVERLY.”

Cle-

Clement Woodville would fain have accompanied this messenger, but Sir John would not permit it. “ Let us wait to see the effect of our letter ; to go now would probably draw down an interdict upon your visits in future. There will come a day when you will be invited to Eglantine Bower ; in the mean time let us leave it to time and affection, to subdue obstinacy, which will deny to others what it wishes for in its own heart.” Clement submitted, but his heart travelled with the messenger and forestalled his reception.

My lady was distressed how to answer this letter ; but she ordered the person that brought it to be entertained and accommodated. She showed the letter to Edith and Mabel, they were concerned in it, and she consulted them about answering it. This was the time for Edith to use her influence, which she did not fail to do. “ They are now actually married. My dear mother will not long keep her resentment against a son who is an honour to his family, and who dearly loves his mother and sisters. You will certainly be reconciled to him one time or other ; the sooner you forgive, the greater will
“ be

“ be the obligation. My brother will visit
 “ us, we shall return it, and we shall be again
 “ a happy family. Oh, my dearest mother !
 “ let your Edith prevail upon you to return
 “ a kind and affectionate answer.”—

Lady Calverly's mind was perplexed, obstinacy kept its hold, but affection shook it every hour ; her daughters urged her warmly ; she chid them gently, and yet felt their importunities.

Edith begged that she might answer the billet ; my lady said she might ; adding, “ if
 “ I do not like it, I need not send it.”—
 Edith wrote thus :—

“ Lady Calverly returns the blessings,
 “ prayers, and good wishes of her children.
 “ Edith and Mabel send hearty congratulations,
 “ and affectionate wishes to Sir John
 “ and Lady Calverly : they all unite in
 “ prayers for their happiness.”

My lady objected to this answer. It was too humble and condescending to a son who had married against her wishes and declared disapprobation. She took up the pen herself, and wrote as follows :—

“ Lady

“ Lady Calverly is doubtful whether she
 “ ought to answer the note that brings an
 “ account of her son’s marriage, after ha-
 “ ving declared her wishes to the contrary ;
 “ nevertheless she cannot forget that she is
 “ his mother : she wishes he may find happi-
 “ ness in the lot he has chosen for himself.
 “ Edith and Mabel send congratulations and
 “ good wishes.”

Edith begged her mother not to send the last written : my Lady would not send the other. A sudden thought rose in Edith’s mind ; she put her own letter into her pocket, and gave up to her mother. My Lady sealed her’s and made it ready. She desired to know when the messenger was ready to return ; she went out of the room—Edith seized the opportunity ; she folded her own note exactly like the other, she directed it as nearly to her mother’s as possible. She substituted her own in the place, and took the other up stairs with her, and laid it by safely. She put on a cheerful countenance and went into her mother’s apartment ; she took her work and pursued it. The servant came to acquaint my Lady that the messenger

ger

ger was ready to depart. She ordered her to give him the letter that was laid upon the table in the parlour. Edith blushed and felt some painful emotions ; she doubted whether she had not been guilty of a fault, however she did not attempt to recall it. She resolved to say no more upon the subject lest she should betray herself.

The next day my Lady looked as if she had not rested well ; she revived the subject herself, and Edith declined it, saying, "What is done cannot be undone."—My Lady sighed deeply ; her daughters observed it. Mabel asked if she was well---she said, "Not quite well."—Edith expressed concern : her mother took her hand in her's—
 "Oh, my Edith ! you know me better than
 "I do myself ! that letter I sent to your
 "brother!"—"What of that, my dear mother?"—"Oh, my child ! would I had
 "never sent it ! I have reproached him
 "with his marriage, in return for his kind
 "and dutiful attention to me ; I have
 "wounded his noble, generous heart, and
 "struck a dart into my own."—"Be comforted, my dear mother ; I can give you
 "comfort."—"No, my child, you cannot ;
 "What

“ what is done cannot be undone ; you have
 “ said truly.”—“ That is true, my dear lady,
 “ and if you will pardon me for what I have
 “ done, I will never wish it undone.”—
 “ What means my Edith, she does not smile
 “ at my sorrow ?”—“ Yes I do, my sweet
 “ mother, because I can cure it.”—She then
 told the deception she had been guilty of;
 she ran and fetched the letter, and gave it
 into her mother’s hand. My lady was sur-
 prised and overjoyed.

She embraced her Edith ; she called her
 her best child, her darling, her comforter :
 she thanked her for what she had done, and
 told her, from this time forward she should
 hold her for her best and safest counsellor.
 Mabel took her part in the joy, and never
 was there seen a happier family.

In a short time after, Sir John sent a letter
 of thanks to his mother, with a present of
 venison to her, and some ornamental gifts to
 his sisters. Then was the maternal heart en-
 livened ; then it felt the happiness arising
 from the reconciliation with a beloved child.
 The parent that despises and rejects this blef-
 sing is unworthy of it.

Lady Calverly in return sent a fine pair of bracelets of pearl to the bride; the letters were full of affection and tenderness: from this time there was a constant intercourse of friendship, and there seldom passed a week without some delightful proofs of it. Some months after the marriage, Sir John brought his Maria to visit his mother; they staid a week at the Bower, and Sir John insisted upon their returning home with them. Lady Calverly would have sent her daughters and have remained at home, but Sir John would not be denied.

They staid a month at Calverly-hall. The young lady, by her tender attention to her mother-in-law, subdued her coldness, and she became as fond of her as of the rest of her children.

The family union brought an increase of happiness to all the parties.

Mr. Clement came to the Hall while the ladies were there, and he was permitted to escort them home, and invited to visit them often.

Lady Calverly was invited some months after, to visit her daughter, Lady Trussel, and to be present at the birth of a child,
which

which was daily expected. The young ladies were requested to be with their sister-in-law, the young Lady Calverly, during her absence. Clement and Edith spent many happy hours together, in all the confidence of friendship; they never suspected that the regard they bore each other was any thing more than that between an affectionate brother and sister.

Lady Truffel was very impertinently angry with her brother for his marriage, and with her mother for being reconciled to it. Lady Calverly declared that she had suffered too much during her resentment and estrangement from her son, and that nothing could tempt her to undergo again so much pain and self-accusation. She told her that pride was the cause of it, and that she was determined never more to give way to it. They had several altercations upon the subject, but neither party could convince the other. A coldness took place between them, and Lady Calverly resolved to stay no longer than while her presence was necessary.

Lady Truffel brought her husband a daughter, to the disappointment of them both, and they were ungrateful to God for the blessing

he had sent them, because it was not exactly what they had wished.

Lady Calverly left them as soon as she could be spared. She went to Calverly-hall; and from thence carried her daughters home.

Within the year from the marriage, the young Lady Calverly brought a son and heir to that respectable family, and gave joy to every part of it. The good lady-mother, and her daughters, were present at the birth and the baptism, and when they returned home, they were attended by Mr. Clement Woodville, who was fully restored to the friendship and confidence of Lady Calverly.

There were but few families that visited at Eglantine Bower; the ladies found amusement and employment in their own dwelling. Mabel was as lively as a bird in the spring; Edith had that happy complacency of mind, that makes a heaven in the bosom that possesses it, and contributes to the happiness of all around it.

Lady Calverly and her daughters assisted their vassals; they took care of their children, they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick and afflicted, and were daily employed in acts of piety and benevolence; and

and in consequence, were adored by their neighbours and dependents.

This is the situation of all others the best calculated for the discharge of all the social and relative duties; here all the virtues are kept in constant exercise; in towns and cities they languish for want of employment, and too frequently expire.

The summer was in its prime, the sun shone in all his glory, when the two young ladies, attended by Clement, went to walk in the wood; Mabel spoke largely of its beauties, and of the pleasure she found there.

Clement shook his head—"Ah, my dear lady, while you are admiring the beauties of this wood, I am thinking of the dangers of it; it looks like a harbour for noxious animals and reptiles, and worse still, for robbers and assassins. My dearest ladies, never walk here alone, I beseech you; be always attended by some trusty friend, or at least by a man servant: you are not aware of all the dangers that wait on youth and beauty."—

"I am convinced that you are right," said Edith, "and I have sometimes told Ma-

"bel that she ventures too far into the recesses of this wood."---

Mabel laughed at them both; she knew no dangers, she feared none. She told them she should not be afraid of being there alone, and if they pleased they might leave her there. Edith chid her for her daring, and said she should endeavour to guard her against it.

"Come along;" said Mabel, "I will show you a seat in an old hollow tree, where you may see through the branches, and to the church on the hill, and hear the sweet birds singing all around you; it is so charming that I can almost think myself in heaven."---"My dear Mabel, how your imagination heightens all your pleasures!"---"Well, Edith, and your's suggests only fears and dangers; I will not change with you."---"May your happiness be always as pure and unmixed as at this hour!" said Clement.-----

They followed Mabel to the seat; the two ladies sat down, and Clement leaned against the tree, and here they enjoyed in silence for some minutes the pleasure she had described.

On

On a sudden they heard groans as from a person in pain ; they started, and Edith said, " Let us return, here are dangers too near us."---Clement said, " Do you return and leave me here, somebody is in danger and distress, and, perhaps, I may relieve them."---The groans were repeated. Clement urged the ladies to return, but still they tarried. He went towards the noise, they followed at a distance ; he made motions for them to return, but they refused to go.

They saw two men running away, as if to escape pursuit ; they saw at a much greater distance one man running towards them.

On a sudden Clement sprang from them, and ran towards a place where they heard still plainer the groans of the wounded man ; they saw lying on the ground a man who seemed expiring. Clement raised his head and laid it upon his knees ; he took his hand and felt his pulse. He bade him take heart, for relief was at hand. Edith took the other hand, and promised him the rites of hospitality. Mabel stood like a statue, contemplating him with astonishment.

The person whom they had seen at a distance now came up, and saw them employed in recovering the wounded man.—He exclaimed---“ Oh, my master !---thou dearest and best of men ! what savage hand has “ used thee thus cruelly ?”---Clement told him they had heard his groans, and as they came to his assistance, they saw two men, who upon their approach escaped. “ Here “ is no time to lose,” said he, “ help me to “ carry your master to a house hard by, “ where he shall be attended carefully, and “ every means used for his recovery.”---

They tore down branches from the trees, and made a kind of barrow, upon which they laid the body, almost without motion ; they laid it down gently, and then carried it softly between them. The young ladies went before them ; they hastened to their mother, and Edith told her all that had happened. Mabel had not spoken one word from the moment she saw the wounded man. Lady Calverly practised the noble hospitality of those times ; she thought it a duty to relieve the distressed, to visit the sick, and to heal the wounds of affliction, and of sickness. She ordered her servants to prepare a bed for
the

the stranger, and her housekeeper to prepare dressings for his wounds: she then set out with her daughters to meet the expected guests.

The motion made him revive; he opened his eyes and looked round him---the man said, "God be praised! he is not dead; look up, dear Sir, it is I! it is Bertram! this gentleman and two young ladies have been your preservers."---The wounded man sighed, he raised his hand softly to his mouth, he laid his finger upon his lips, and looked upon Bertram, he then bowed his hand to Clement, he closed his eyes, and seemed fainting again. Clement asked, "Who is your master?"---"One of the noblest knights upon earth," he answered.---"His name?"---"Sir Roland."---"And his surname?"---"I beg your pardon, Sir, I am ordered to conceal it. He has powerful enemies without having deserved them. He has also friends among the first people of this land."---"An Englishman?"---"Yes, Sir, and of the noblest blood that England owns."---"Well, we must wait till it pleases him to inform us further."---"I fear that will not be, Sir!"

Lady Calverly met them descending the hill; she and her daughters accompanied them into the hall; they were obliged to lay down their burthen and rest awhile. The housekeeper brought a cup of cordial water, of which she put a little into the stranger's mouth, and finding that he swallowed it, she gave him more, and by degrees the remainder.

All the spectators were fixed in silent attention. The knight opened his eyes again, he looked around him. He kissed his hand and bowed it to the ladies, and then to Clement. Lady Calverly desired him to wave all ceremony, and to accept of such assistance as they could give him. He bowed his head and was silent. Clement motioned to carry him up stairs, the servants assisted them; they carried him gently up stairs, and then lifted him off the barrow, and laid him upon the bed.

When they opened his bosom they perceived that he wore a coat of mail under his clothes, and found that his wounds were only in his arms and legs, except one in his left thigh, which seemed dangerous. They took off his cloathing, the housekeeper dressed

dress'd his wounds, none of which were deep except that in his thigh, but he was faint with loss of blood. They lifted him into bed, and then left him, with Bertram only, to repose himself without disturbance.

This adventure afforded much speculation to all the family.

Clement reported all that he could learn of the servant, and the ladies were surpris'd at the concealment. My Lady wondered who this stranger could be, of so high quality and his name concealed.

She then gave orders for his accommodation in all respects, and commission'd Clement to see them executed, and to visit the stranger and entertain him, till such time as he was well enough to receive visits from herself and her daughters.

The stranger had a good night, his wounds looked favourably, and they hop'd he would soon recover.

As soon as his wounds were dress'd, Master Clement visit'd him; he ask'd after his health, and rejoic'd that he was in so good a way; he desir'd him to compose his mind and think of nothing but getting well.

The stranger answered only by signs, as he had done the night before.

Clement thought it very odd, but he resolved to make him speak if it was possible.

“ Sir, you are under the roof of Lady Cal-

“ verly, reliet of the gallant Sir Hugh Cal-

“ verly, whose name, I presume, must have

“ reached your ear.”---The stranger made a

sign of assent.---“ She is the mother of

“ Sir John Calverly; and those two young

“ ladies, with whom I was walking in the

“ wood, are her daughters; they are lovely

“ and amiable, and proud of being your as-

“ sistants.”---A sign of respect and grati-

tude.---“ Bertram, is your master dumb ?”---

After a pause---“ He is under a solemn in-

“ junction of silence for a certain time: I

“ am sure you would not urge him to break

“ it.”---“ No, certainly; a penance, per-

“ haps ?”---“ Yes, Sir, something like it.”---

“ Very strange !”---“ True, Sir.”---The

guest looked at Bertram and made a sign.---

“ Sir, my master is truly sensible of the la-

“ dies’ kindness and hospitality, and of your

“ nobleness and generosity. He thanks you

“ from his soul; he is concerned to give so

“ much trouble, and will remove as soon as

“ he

“he can do it with safety.”---“ I beg that
 “ he will not think of it at present. Every
 “ one here is interested in his favour, and I
 “ am entirely at his service.”---

The knight bowed his head, he extended his hand, Clement took it in his ; the stranger took Clement’s hand between both of his, he kissed it, pressed it to his heart, and then let it fall down gently.

“ I will not intrude upon you any longer,
 “ Sir ; I pray God to have you in his holy
 “ keeping, and to restore your health and
 “ happiness.”---Clement retired bowing, and left the room. He went to the ladies and gave an account of his visit. They were surprised at the singular circumstances of his situation, and especially at his silence.

“ I know not who or what he is, but his
 “ countenance is the most interesting I ever
 “ beheld. I saw him undressed last night, I
 “ never beheld so complete a form : all his
 “ motions are graceful, and his silence is more
 “ expressive than the speech of most other
 “ men.”---“ ’Tis strange,” said my Lady,
 “ that he should keep that fullen silence to
 “ those who have preserved his life : surely
 “ he might put some confidence in them.
 “ He

“He must certainly have some reason for it, which, perhaps, will appear in due time.”—

“It seems to me,” said Clement, “that I have seen somebody like him; his favour is familiar to me; I have seen a picture that resembled him, but I cannot tell where; he is above the common race of men, and I am curious to know his history.”—“You must talk with Bertram,” said my Lady, “and try to get it out of him.”—“Oh, Madam, that will not be easy; Bertram is no common servant, and his master knows whom he trusts; however, I will speak to him as occasions may arise.”—

Clement offered to relieve Bertram and to fit up with his master, but he would not accept or hear of it. He offered a servant to relieve him, but it was refused with acknowledgements. Several days passed in this manner, the knight grew better every day, but nothing transpired.

Bertram desired Master Clement to lend him a horse for one day; he wanted to fetch fresh clothes and linen for his master, and to inform some of his friends where he was, and how circumstanced. It was ordered directly.

rectly. Before he departed, he said, "Sir, "my master will be glad to see you, if you "will not urge him to speak."—"Can he "hear well?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Then I will "wait on him."—He did so, and they had an odd kind of conversation, which was pantomime on the one side and speech on the other.

Clement told him the ladies were desirous to pay their respects to him as soon as he chose to see them; he made signs that when his servant should return, he should think himself honoured by their presence.

Bertram returned at night, and a servant with him, bringing clothes and linen for his master; the servant was admitted to his chamber. He fell on his knees to him and wept for his misfortune; the housekeeper was leaving the room when he entered and made this report; they were shut up together some time, and then the servant returned and Bertram remained. When Clement visited the stranger the following day, Bertram told him his master would rise and be seated, for he could not bear to receive the ladies in bed. This point was contested, but the guest would

would not hear a word ; he was determined on that head.

Clement made his report ; the ladies' expectations were raised : in an hour after, Bertram came to ask the favour of their company. He attended them to his master's room ; he was seated in an armed chair, and his feet laid upon a stool. At their approach he endeavoured to rise, but was unable. Lady Calverly chid him for the attempt. She desired him not to put himself too forward, but wait with patience till the cure was completed : she was glad to have the power to assist a person of merit in distress, and wished him to command every kind of assistance that her house afforded. The knight expressed his gratitude by gestures. Bertram paid his acknowledgements in words ; he paid every kind of respect to his master ; he called him Sir Roland, and said he was related to the first families in the kingdom.

“ If we fail in paying Sir Roland due respect, he must impute it to our ignorance of his quality,” said my Lady.—Clement said something of the same kind that seemed to give him uneasiness, he bowed his head and sighed deeply. Clement said, that Sir
Roger

Roger Morley, eldest son to the Lord Morley, was on a visit to Sir John at Calverly-hall. The knight made a sign to Bertram, he said "*That* Sir Roger Morley is Sir Roland's "near kinsman."---My Lady said, she was glad she knew that he was related to so noble a family. The young ladies were silent, the knight gazed on them attentively, he looked on Bertram. He said, "Sir Roland is deeply sensible of his obligations to those "charming young ladies, who took compassion upon a stranger, and gave so generous "a proof of their goodness of heart; he "will never forget what he owes them so "long as life is given to him."—Edith then spoke, she said the happiness was their's to have been at hand upon such an occasion, and desired him not to call it an obligation.

After some more compliments passed, the ladies and Clement withdrew.

When they met at dinner, they could talk of nothing but the stranger knight. My Lady said, "I am of your opinion, Clement; "I think I have seen somebody that he resembles; and now I think of it, it is one "of the royal family; nay, I believe it is "more than one, he is like Prince Lionel,
" who

“ who died soon after his second marriage.”—
 “ You bring to my mind, Madam, that I
 “ once saw a picture of the late Prince of
 “ Wales, the glory of old England; that
 “ picture was as like Sir Roland as these two
 “ hands of mine.”

“ Well, be that as it may, I do verily be-
 “ lieve he is a natural son of one of the royal
 “ family, and his mother is related to the
 “ Lord Morley; let us keep these conjec-
 “ tures to ourselves, he is really one of the
 “ handsomest men I ever saw, and very cour-
 “ teous in all things but speaking.”

After the ice was broken, the ladies called
 upon their guest every day, and as soon as he
 was able, he returned their visits. The
 wound in his thigh made him lame and un-
 able to sit on a horse, but the others were
 soon healed. A messenger came from Cal-
 verly-hall, desiring Clement to return thi-
 ther, unless my Lady had any wish to detain
 him. He showed her the letter, and asked
 whether she had any commands for him.
 She said, “ Why really I think I have. I
 “ wish if Sir John can spare you, that you
 “ would remain here till this stranger leaves
 “ the house, for it is very awkward to have

“ no

“no man in the family to entertain him, and to take leave of him when he departs.”—Clement professed his readiness to stay, and he sent the servant with an account of all that had happened, the adventure in the wood, and my Lady’s wish to detain him longer.

This proof of her confidence raised his spirits, and he was the gayest and the happiest man that ever attended upon fair ladies.

From the day that the stranger was brought to the Bower, Mabel seemed to assume a new and different character; from being talkative, she became silent; from being frank and communicative, she was so reserved, that she was afraid to open her heart, even to her beloved Edith. She shunned company, she walked alone in the covered walk in the garden, and was not pleased to be interrupted. Edith’s eye was upon her, but she feared to say too much, and to discover what as yet was a secret to herself. She waited till Mabel should open her heart, and thought she could not be silent much longer.

Mabel walked longer than usual; Edith went to seek her: she was in the covered walk

walk musing; Edith came near her unperceived, she heard her say, "What a pity that he is dumb!"—"So it is," answered Edith; "and I do not remember that circumstance in the dream."—Mabel turned about, she saw her sister, and perceived that she had heard her; she blushed, hung down her head, and was covered with confusion. Edith went on—"Speak to me, Mabel; open your heart to me as you used to do: silence is not natural to you, and I am sure it must be very painful."—"Oh, my sister, have pity upon me!" said Mabel; she burst into tears and hid her face in Edith's bosom.—"So I do, my love; trust in me, I will not betray your secret; I know all that you can tell me; be ingenuous with me, but guard yourself before others. I am surprised that my mother has not observed the alteration in you."—"She has observed it; she told me I was grown serious and womanly, and she praised me for it."—"That is fortunate for you, take the advantage of it: but do not indulge solitude and moping, it will increase your disorder."—"Were you ever in this way, Edith?"—"No, but I know the cause and
" the

“ the effect of it, and that it is in our own
“ power to make it worse by indulgence, or
“ better by prudence and restraint.”—

“ Can one help it, then ?”—“ Yes, in a
“ degree, if you are convinced that it is your
“ duty to strive against it, you will exert
“ yourself to do it, for duty does not de-
“ mand impossibilities, and thus you will be
“ cured.”—

“ Is it not strange that every circumstance
“ in my dream should be realized ?”—“ It
“ is, my dear ; but let us think of it as little
“ as possible ; let us do our duty and leave
“ the event to heaven.”—“ I will do all I
“ can, but I cannot avoid thinking of it for
“ my life.”—“ Well, let us go in, and when
“ you find yourself uneasy from silence, I
“ will indulge you, pity and comfort you.”—
“ I thank you, my sweet sister, my heart
“ feels lighter already from this conversa-
“ tion ; I will do whatever you require of
“ me.”—

Edith led her into the house ; she advised
her to take her needlework, and to be conti-
nually employed ; and above all things to be
constant in praying to heaven for assistance,
and not to doubt of being cured.

Many

Many courtesies were received and returned between the ladies and their guest, and many silent conferences passed between the knight and Mabel.

He gazed on her in a way that told her he was struck with her charms, and when her eye fell under his, he sighed; sometimes he laid his hand upon his heart and then bowed it towards her; at others he put his finger upon his lips and then sighed, as if he lamented his obligation to be silent.

This pantomime was only acted when my Lady was not present, but Edith sometimes caught a sight of it; she trembled for her sister's danger, and wished incessantly for the stranger's departure.

The knight left his chamber; he leaned upon Bertram, and came down stairs to dinner. He behaved with the greatest politeness and delicacy, his gestures were so significant and graceful, that he wanted not the aid of language to make them understood. He signified his intention to leave the Bower soon; his obligations for his hospitable reception, and his regret at leaving so amiable a family. Bertram attended and sometimes spoke, but only when Sir Roland referred to him.

He dined with the family every day afterwards till his departure.

Mabel walked every day some hours in the garden; at the end of her favourite walk there was a seat, the roses and woodbines were interwoven, and, assisted by the gardener's hand, formed an alcove of excellent beauty and fragrance. Here she would sit, when tired of walking, and meditate on her dream, and the strange circumstances that seemed to realize many parts of it. Hopes, doubts, and fears, incessantly invaded that heart formerly so peaceful and happy. One day, as she was in this situation, absorbed in thought, the object of her meditations presented himself before her. She started, trembled, and arose, intending to leave him immediately. He bowed most courteously, and waving his hand besought her not to leave him. She curtsied low, and made a motion to return into the house. He seized both her hands, grasped them gently, gazed earnestly on her face, till she blushed and turned aside to conceal it; he seated her, and himself beside her, then lifted her hands to his lips, and sighed deeply.

Mabel

Mabel was in a tremor, she knew not what to do or say, an affecting silence was held for some moments; her situation grew every moment more dangerous---at last---“Pray
 “let me go, Sir! my mother!—my sister!---
 “I cannot—dare not stay longer!”—

A voice the most tender and harmonious replied: “And will you go? Must I leave
 “you before you know all that my heart
 “feels? Oh, lady, stay, and hear me breathe
 “my soul upon your hand! I love you with
 “a passion the most ardent, sincere, and honourable.”—

Mabel trembled so that she could hardly stand, she was glad to sit down to recover herself. “Holy Virgin! you speak---what
 “a miracle!” said Mabel.—“To you only
 “I speak;” the knight replied, “to all
 “others in this house I am silent. I put
 “my fate into your hands, and give you this
 “proof of my love, and of my honour. I
 “must leave this house in a few days. I
 “shall ever remember the kindness and hospitality with which I have been entertained in it: but to you I owe another kind of
 “explanation: accept my vows, let me plight
 “my faith, and give me your’s in return.

“If

“ If you will deign to own me for your ser-
 vant, I will live; that charming hope shall
 enable me to frustrate all the schemes of
 my enemies. There will come a day when
 I shall come and demand you in marriage
 of your mother, till then I will wait for the
 first blessing of my life. Only give me an
 assurance of your favour, that I may hope
 to live for you; say that you will be mine,
 and I will rest securely upon your word.”—

Mabel's heart felt every word her lover ut-
 tered. She sighed, she wept, but could not
 find words to answer him presently. “ You
 weep!” said he, “ Oh that I dared to
 think those precious drops were mine! I
 have heard that love is truest that is washed
 in tears. May I hope that you will ex-
 change a lover's vows with me? Speak,
 lovely fair one; speak my doom; confirm
 my hope or my despair.”—

“ What can I say to you? I never before
 listened to the language of love; I fear I
 am breaking a duty now; I am displeased
 with myself, and yet I am afraid of offend-
 ing you.”—“ That is sweetly said; fear
 nothing. I ask you to break no duty,
 VOL. I. F “ only

"only to wait for me till I am in a situation
 "to ask your hand in holy marriage. You
 "will not refuse me this promise, unless some
 "happier man"—"Oh, no, no! I never saw
 "a man that gave me one uneasy thought
 "till now."—"I thank you, my charmer.
 "May all your thoughts be happy! May
 "my remembrance be ever included in them
 "till all my wishes are realized, and I am
 "blessed with the name of your husband"—

The knight kneeled down; he vowed eternal fidelity and love.

Mabel urged him to rise, she feared his wound would be injured.

Her tenderness appeared in spite of all her endeavours to conceal it.

The knight was convinced of his good
 fortune; he ventured to seal his vow upon
 her lips. He put a rich pair of bracelets
 upon her arms; in the center of one of them
 was his own picture, in the other that of a
 warrior, whom he greatly resembled. He
 told her it was his father, and was by him
 given to his mother, and with that he gave
 his heart and his fate. Time flew away too
 fast for these lovers. The sun declined and
 was

was near the horizon. Mabel heard somebody in the garden, she told him they should be discovered.

He released her hand reluctantly. She ran into the house, and up stairs to her own apartment. She took off the bracelets, kissed both the pictures, put them into a private drawer, trembling all the time for fear of interruption. Her heart was in such a flutter, that she sat down to compose herself. She dreaded the sight of her mother and sister; she feared their inquiries, their suspicions, and for the first time in her life studied concealment and artifice. She resolved if they should perceive her emotions, to say she was sick, which, perhaps, could hardly be called an untruth.

A few minutes after Mabel left the garden, Edith entered it. She expected to find her sister there, and was disappointed. She went into the covered walk, and saw Sir Roland sitting in the alcove. He rose at her approach, and by his gestures invited her to sit down by him.

Edith thought she had never seen him look so handsome; there was a fire in his eyes

that was unusual, his cheeks were adorned with a beautiful colour, which had generally the pale hue of sickness. He looked cheerful and animated. A suspicion arose in Edith's mind; she thought her sister was not far off, she expected to see her every moment; she waited till the sun was setting; but she came not: she told Sir Roland that the damps of the evening were not good for an invalid, she invited him to walk into the house; he led her into the hall, and she went to her mother's apartment.

She inquired where was Mabel—my Lady said, she believed in her own apartment. Edith went thither and found her sitting by a table, with her cheek leaning upon her hand. Edith told her she had been seeking her every where, and chid her for indulging solitude and musing.

Mabel complained of being unwell, but could not tell very well what ailed her. While they were talking, the bell summoned them to supper. The knight excused himself by Bertram, and supped in his own apartment. Clement began to think he was well enough to depart. Edith seconded him.

My Lady said it was impossible to hint any thing of that kind, she doubted not that he would go as soon as he found himself able to travel. Clement observed that Bertram had often been going and coming back within the last week. Lady Calverly said, that looked like making preparations for their departure, and it proved so.

A few days after, Bertram declared his master's resolution to depart on the morrow. He expatiated upon his obligations to Lady Calverly and all her family; he hoped there would come a time when he should acknowledge them more fully, and claim a continuance of her friendship. At present he must obey the circumstances of his peculiar situation; that he should go with the deepest sense of her nobleness and hospitality, and should daily remember all the family in his prayers to heaven.

My Lady returned a suitable answer. Many compliments were sent and returned by all the parties concerned.

The knight dined and supped with the family. Mabel and he dared not exchange

looks; they were upon their guard before those who observed them.

The next morning as the family was sitting at breakfast they heard the sound of a horn, and presently after a number of horsemen came into the court-yard. They ranged themselves on each side, and a man in green blew his horn loudly. The knight and Bertram descended the stairs, they entered the parlour where the ladies were sitting, Sir Roland approached Lady Calverly, he took her hand and kissed it, he bowed low and retreated; he embraced Mr. Woodville, and made signs of gratitude and friendship; he then laid his right hand upon his heart and bowed to the young ladies. He retired backwards, bowing till he was again in the hall. Bertram assisted him to mount his horse, which was caparisoned with a lamb-skin, the wool outward, for his ease and convenience. He rode in the midst of the horsemen, who attended him with the utmost respect and deference. The man in green blew his horn and led the way, the rest followed; Bertram went last. He gave the servant some notes to deliver when he should be

be gone out of sight, he then gallopped after his companions.

Mabel could not meet the eyes of her mother and sister, she retreated to her own apartment. She saw a letter upon her table directed to herself; she opened it and read the contents:

“ The contracted bride of a silent man,
 “ must learn to practise secrecy. The husband
 “ presumes to remind his beloved, dear
 “ lady, and to recommend himself to her
 “ prayers by the name of Sir Roger de Clarendon,
 “ which is his proper appellation.
 “ He relies upon her truth and honour, and
 “ bids her do the same by him in full trust
 “ and confidence. He will inform her of
 “ his health and safety, and reluctantly bids
 “ his Mabel farewell: farewell, dear lady.

“ R. C.”

Mabel was comforted by this billet; she made haste to deposit it safely in the drawer with her bracelets, and when Edith entered the room, she found her more composed than she expected.

Edith assumed a cheerful appearance; she informed her sister that their guest had left a note for her mother, and another for Clement. In the first he acknowledged his obligations to her, and referred to a future day, when he should recommend himself to her favour and friendship. In that to Clement he apologized for his silence, which one of his best friends had enjoined, during the time of his concealment, in order to evade all inquiries, whether of danger or curiosity. That as soon as he should find himself in safety, he should write to him and claim his friendship. He acknowledged himself bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection, and hoped to give better proofs than words hereafter.

He desired Mr. Clement to present his acknowledgements to those two charming young ladies, whose beauty and merits were engraved upon his heart in strong and lasting characters, and he would pray for all and every part of that dear and honourable family of Calverly.

Edith told her likewise that he had made a handsome present to the housekeeper for
her

her attendance on him in his sickness, and that Bertram had given money to the men servants; in short, that he had shown himself a most generous and accomplished knight.

Mabel expressed her satisfaction, and said she never doubted that he would acquit himself honourably upon all occasions.

“ And now, my dear sister, I hope you
“ will renew your spirits and cheerfulness,
“ and restore my Mabel to me, as she was,
“ before this stranger came hither.”—“ I
“ cannot promise that, my sister; but I will
“ attend to your advice, and endeavour to
“ profit by it.”—

“ Ah, my dear ! has then this man carried away your heart with him as you dreamed he did ? ” — “ I cannot deny it to you, Edith ; he is the man that I must marry, or I will die a maid. ” —

“And has he left his heart with you, Mabel?”—“That I shall not reply to; time will show.”—“Oh, Mabel, I fear for you!”—“You need not, I do not fear for myself.”—“Take heed of the pain in your heart, Mabel!”—“Take care of
F 5 “your

“ your own, my sister ; I know who reigns
 “ there, as well, and, perhaps, better than
 “ yourself.”—Edith blushed. “ You sur-
 “ prise me, sister.”—“ Well, let us excuse
 “ each other, I will not suffer you to be
 “ angry with me.”—She embraced Edith.
 “ I will be very good, I will mind what
 “ you say, my Edith ; but, indeed, my heart
 “ feels lighter than it has done for many
 “ weeks past.”—“ I am very glad to hear it,
 “ I am rejoiced to see you so cheerful. Let
 “ us go to my mother’s apartment.”—

The young ladies went arm in arm to my
 lady, they took their work. My Lady was
 full of the praises of the knight, and of cur-
 riosity to be further informed of his family
 and fortunes. Mabel appeared easy and
 cheerful, she was more guarded than former-
 ly, but not less agreeable. The beauties of
 her person unfolded daily, her manners im-
 proved, love taught her discretion, her con-
 fidence in the object gave her ease and cheer-
 fulness, she appeared every thing that a fond
 mother could wish her to be.

When they met at dinner, Clement pro-
 posed to return to Calverly-hall ; he wished
 to

to go, before Sir Roger Morley should have left it. The knight had acknowledged him for his kinsman, perhaps he might learn some particulars from him. My Lady approved his proposal, she wished him to make inquiries, and to let her know the result of them.

He left the Bower a few days after Sir Roland, and the young ladies confessed to each other that they were very dull without them.

A servant of Lady Calverly's had married a cottager who lived within a mile from the Bower, the young ladies used to walk thither often.

Ralph and Susan Hobson were much benefited by their neighbourhood to Eglantine Bower. Lady Calverly sent them a bed, and several kinds of furniture. When Susan was with child, the young ladies made her baby clothes; they stood godmothers for their first-born, and they were delighted to amuse the child, and to work for it. Susan was happy to see the ladies coming through the fields to her cottage. She used to set the best of her fruit aside for them, a dish of scalded apples and

cream was an agreeable repast after their walk, and was as well relished by them, as preserved fruits and iced creams are in these days. They enjoyed the blessings of nature, and knew not the adulteries of art. An ewe died in yeaning, the lamb was brought up in the house and fed by the hand, this was destined to Madam Edith by Susan, and she was with some difficulty prevailed on to accept it. Mabel took pleasure in feeding and caressing it, to her Edith transferred it, and she loved it the more for her sake. It used to follow them to Hobson's cottage, and this simple circumstance contributed to the amusement of both the charming sisters.

Days and weeks rolled over their heads without producing any event out of the common incidents of private life. Clement informed them of his brother's marriage, and that the King had conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. In the days of Edward the Third this was a real honour; in Richard's time it degenerated: but it never became venal and contemptible, till it was made hereditary.

The

The following Christmas Lady Calverly and her daughters were invited to spend some time with Sir John and his lady at the Hall; Clement was sent to escort them thither. My Lady would fain have made excuses, but no denial would now be accepted. They found company there as usual, and reluctantly mixed in the bustle of it. Among the young gentlemen there was Sir Oliver Marney, who had been there before when Lady Calverly and her daughters were present. This gentleman had seen Edith, he had sighed in secret for her, but being under age, and wholly dependent on his father, he had admired her in silence.

By the death of a distant relation, he came to possess an handsome fortune; he now professed himself her servant. He besought Sir John's influence and recommendation to the young lady, and to her mother. He was permitted to declare himself to the fair lady a few days after her arrival at the Hall. She received his proposal with courtesy, she expressed a sense of gratitude for the honour he intended her, but declined his offer. She said that she chose to remain with her mother,

ther, and would not listen to any proposal of marriage. The lover was grieved and mortified; he appealed to her mother and brother, they spoke in his behalf. Edith was cool, but resolute. Her mother was urgent, but still she insisted upon her right to her negative.

Sir John tried his influence, but still she was steady in her refusal. He insisted, Sir Oliver was young, he was good and amiable, he had every requisite that a lady could demand, what could be the reason of her positive refusal? Edith kept her ground, she preferred her present situation, in which she was happy, to any contingency. Sir John asked her if she preferred any other man, saying, that no young lady was likely to refuse such an offer, unless she had a secret partiality for another man. Edith was distressed, she evaded the question, she begged to be allowed her negative. Sir John would not urge her further, he only wished to promote her happiness, and she was certainly the best judge of what would establish it. Lady Calverly dreaded having Edith torn from her,
 she

she was gratified by her wish to remain with her, and she readily indulged it.

Sir John asked Mabel if she would refuse such an offer:—"Yes, truly," answered Mabel; "I do not intend to marry for ten years to come."

Sir John laughed at her reply, and answered for his sister Mabel, that she would not be unmarried ten years hence.

Edith received a note from Clement, requesting her to meet him in the garden as early as was convenient to her. She resolved to obey the summons. She was there as soon as it was perfectly day-light, but he was there before her. He met her with trembling limbs and faltering accents.

She asked if he was sick, or what was the cause of his agitations.

"Oh, Madam, pardon my presumption! my folly! my distraction!"—

"What is the matter, my friend? be composed and tell me."—"Only answer me one question, Madam; my fate depends upon it."—"Speak it, Sir."—"Are you going to be married? Is it to Sir Oliver Marney?"—

"No,

“No, I am not; I have given a positive
 “refusal.”—“Thank God for that blessed
 “news! I ask your pardon, but I could not
 “bear the suspense; I have not been in bed
 “to-night—I am half distracted---but I can
 “hear only truth from those lips; you can-
 “not deceive me.”—“No, Clement; nor
 “can I any longer deceive myself. You
 “have opened my eyes, I wish you had not;
 “for you have obliged me to alter my beha-
 “viour, and converse with you with more
 “reserve than I have hitherto done.”—
 “Pardon my temerity, consider the occasion.
 “How could I bear the thought of losing
 “you for ever?”—“Softly, my friend;
 “do you remember that in this house you
 “made me the confident of your passion for
 “my sister Isabel?”—“Oh, me! I was mista-
 “ken; I never loved her as I do you. I
 “knew not then your adorable qualities; I
 “admired beauty only; but now it is vir-
 “tue in a human form. My passion for you
 “is in my soul, it is my existence. Treat
 “me as you will, I can never love you less.
 “I live upon your idea when you are absent;
 “I see you where you are not present, and
 “when

“when I am forbidden to cherish this passion, I shall no longer wish to live.”—

“Be more composed, or I leave you. Reflect upon my situation, reduce your affection within the bounds of friendship, and within those limits there is nothing I will deny you; what farther can you ask of me?”—

“Oh, nothing! I can ask nothing more! Alas, I thought it was only friendship that I had for you! but this potent rival has convinced me that it is more.”—“Say no more, my friend; we must submit to the restraints of duty and of reason: you must be more cautious than ever in your behaviour to me. A rival’s eyes are upon you; be prudent for my sake, if not for your own. I would not for any thing that any suspicion of our attachment—I mean of your attachment, should arise at this time, there is nothing I dread so much: let me assure you of my sincere and constant friendship, and let that make your mind easy.”—

“But are you sure you shall not be prevailed upon?”—“Yes, very certain; my
“mo-

“mother and brother have given over urging me ; it is all given up.”—

“Heaven blefs you, my dear lady ! you have quieted a heart that was breaking ; it is your’s to preſerve or to deſtroy it. I will obey you implicitly : I will be as cautious as you can wiſh ; ſo long as you know the ſecret of my heart, and do not diſdain its homage, I am eaſy.”—

“Let us then change the ſubject. Have you gained any intelligence concerning Sir Roland ?” — “No ; I aſked Sir Roger Morley many queſtions, he ſeemed reſerved in his answers. He acknowledged that he had ſuch a relation, but would not tell me any particulars of him.” — “Well, make uſe of every opportunity to learn more of him, I have a foreboding that we ſhall ſee him again, and be acquainted with him.”—

“Have you ? Perhaps I may find another rival in him.” — “Be ſilent on that ſubject, you are contending with ſhadows ; after what I have ſaid, you ought to be ſatisfied ; if you are not, you will hinder me from putting confidence in you as I am inclined

“to

“to do.”—“Pardon me, and I will be all that you wish me; I will be silent, and submit to your commands.”—“Do so, and you shall have nothing to complain of. It is time for us to separate, we may be observed. Farewell; be prudent, and be happy.”—

He just touched her hand, he bowed low and retired. Edith hastened into the house, and up to her own apartment, where she found Mabel risen from her bed and dressing. She made some excuses for going down stairs, and both ladies prepared to meet the family at breakfast.

It was the young Lady Calverly that had informed her brother of the proposal of marriage to Edith. He was struck with surprise and vexation, and left her presence to conceal his confusion. Within a week he recovered his peace and cheerfulness, which was owing to the conference with Edith. His sister observed his dejection at the first information, and his recovery after the denial; she laid together these circumstances, and drew certain inferences, which she kept in her own heart till it should be a proper time

time to declare them. She was at this time confined to her own apartment, she was very big with child, and otherwise much indisposed, and was excused from presiding at the table.

Lady Calverly had staid a fortnight at the Hall, which was the time she proposed, and spoke of her return home the following week. Sir John urged her to stay till his Maria should be brought to bed, she having need of her company and advice. The young ladies wished to be allowed to return home, they were urged to stay also. Edith said, she found Sir Oliver Marney intended to stay some time longer, that his looks reproached her, and he took every opportunity of persecuting her with his addresses, and she wished to escape from his company.

Sir John called her a cruel girl, yet he would not detain her against her inclination: Mabel wished to return with her sister, she began to be uneasy, and did not expect to hear from Sir Roland till she should be again at the Bower. The young ladies resolved to return home at the time their mother had first proposed.

Mr.

Mr. Clement Woodville begged leave to attend them. Edith made objections to it. Sir John asked for better reasons : Edith said, that as their mother was not with them, she chose to have no gentlemen attendants. The lady dowager commended her prudence, and Clement was obliged to submit, though he secretly murmured at Edith's cruelty.

He was not, however, displeased at her leaving Sir Oliver at the Hall, for his fear was that he should have attended her to the Bower. Some of Sir John's servants went home with the young ladies, and only one man and their own maid servant beside.

They were both pleased to return to the Bower. Mabel's heart felt lighter and happier than at the Hall. Here she first saw her lover, and here she hoped to hear tidings of him. Mabel had a closet appropriated to her use, and in it a chest of drawers of her own : here she deposited her treasures of every kind ; here she put the bracelets, the precious pledge of her lover's vow, and his first letter : once at least every day she took them out, kissed both the pictures, and sometimes talked to them as if they understood her.

her. She found infinite pleasure in these secret visits, and always returned more cheerful, and assured of her lover's truth and honour.

A few days after her return home, the two sisters went to Hobson's cottage to see their god-child. Susan rejoiced at their return home, and set before them some winter fruit well preserved.

While Edith was nursing the child, Susan made a sign to Mabel that she wished to speak with her alone. She motioned to go into the orchard: Mabel's heart leaped at the hint; she anticipated the business. She followed Susan, and as soon as they were out of sight, she gave her a letter, which she said was given her by a fine gentleman, who looked like a lord, and behaved with so much graciousness that she could not refuse him. Mabel snatched the letter, she bade Susan go into the house, and hold her sister in talk till she came in. She opened it hastily with trembling eagerness, and read the contents:

“ God

“ God bless and preserve you, my dearest
 “ lady ! I have the pleasure to inform you
 “ that I am recovered of my lameness, and
 “ restored to perfect health. I labour in-
 “ cessantly to establish my fortunes. My
 “ enemies are among those nearest to the
 “ King ; nevertheless, I do not despair of
 “ obtaining his protection as soon as I can
 “ gain admittance to his presence, for he
 “ knows me well.

“ I have lamented your absence from the
 “ Bower, but you are returned and bring
 “ peace to my heart. I am told you go of-
 “ ten to goodman Hobson’s, whose wife was
 “ your servant. This gives me hopes of one
 “ day seeing you there : do not refuse to
 “ meet the man whose health and happiness
 “ are in your keeping. I am your’s living
 “ or dying.”

“ R. DE CLARENDON.”

Mabel was enlivened and comforted by
 this intelligence ; she went into the house
 and took her share of nursing, till Edith mo-
 tioned to return home.

She

She went up to her closet and paid her daily homage to her pictures; she read over her letter, one passage struck her—"My enemies are those nearest the King; but I do not despair of his protection as soon as I can gain admittance to his presence, for he knows me well."

"How can this be? Why do they keep the King from seeing him? If the King knows and loves him, why does he suffer it? Who is this man, then? Is he related to the King? Is it the interest of his enemies to prevent his seeing him? Perhaps so."—Mabel uttered these words over the letter in her hand. She laid it down; she took up the pictures; she looked at that of Sir Roland's father. "Holy Virgin! what do I see? Edward Prince of Wales, A. D. 1347. Good heaven! he was then my knight's father! he is the King's brother, and his enemies are among the King's relations! I understand all that he has said in this letter."—She fell into a profound reverie, and was absorbed in it for some minutes: she was awakened by Edith's tapping at the door. Mabel made haste to shut

shut her drawer before she opened the door.

“Why do you shut yourself up here, my dear sister?”—“Because I come here to meditate; I was lost in thought when you came.”—“I hope the subject of your thoughts is an agreeable one.”—“Very much so, sister.”—“I am glad of it; I feared that musing might make you melancholy, and I came to seek your company.”—“I thank you, my dear Edith, I will attend you; but I can assure you that I am very well and very happy.”—They went to their mother’s apartment, where they sat down to work: Mabel was as gay as a lark, and Edith knew not how to account for the variations in her humour.

Mabel frequently walked to Hobson’s cottage, generally with her sister, but sometimes with only a maid servant. Edith wished her not to go alone, as she sometimes threatened; she warned her of the dangers young women incur by walking alone, and intreated her never to walk without an attendant.

Mabel was frequently absent and abstracted; she was not pleased to be told of it, and generally made reprisals. One instance of

this happened when Edith had been observing her some time, she started and sighed. "Where have you been, Mabel?"—"Not far from home, sister."—"In the wood or in the garden?"—"Neither; I was in the house, and was thinking that we were very dull alone. I think, Edith, that you were very cruel in forbidding Clement to come home with us."—"I thought it would not look right in our mother's absence."—"Oh, then, you punished yourself and me for the look of it?"—"What do you mean, Mabel?"—"Why that I like his company, and I had a notion you did, but suppose I am mistaken."—"You talk very oddly, I do not understand you."—"Why then you are an innocent, dear creature, and play the tyrant without knowing it."—"Take heed, Mabel, these floats may one day come home to yourself."—"Then I will be merry while I may, and sad when I cannot help it."—

"Be merry and wise, however, Mabel, and do not allow yourself to jest too much with those who love you best."—"Who else can I jest with? I have nobody but
"you

“you to speak to. Come, I know we love
 “each other, and understand each other
 “too: I wish my knight and your ‘squire
 “were here to entertain us; and that without
 “a jest or falsehood.”—

“I do not wish for either; I had rather
 “my dear mother was with us; you would
 “not talk in this way before her.”—“Perhaps
 “not, sister; but then I should think the
 “more, and nobody could hinder that, you
 “know.”—

“Perhaps our mother might convince
 “you, that you ought not to let your
 “thoughts run riot any more than your
 “words; that it is a duty to keep them
 “within the bounds that religion and virtue
 “prescribe. A mother might do this, I am
 “only a sister, but then I am a true friend,
 “and might hope that my advice would
 “have some weight with you.”—

“You are so very serious that I must have
 “done.”—Mabel went and walked in the
 garden for some time, and when she came
 back, she was silent and sullen, and appeared
 displeased with her sister’s admonition.

Mabel went to Hobson’s oftener than
 ever: her sister reproved her for going with-

out her, and without letting her know when she went thither. Insensibly a coldness arose between these two amiable sisters, without any abatement of affection to each other, but a stronger magnetism caused for a time a reserve, and a want of confidence in each other.

Mabel rose early in the morning, she walked to Hobson's, found a letter there, and came home by her sister's breakfast hour; as soon as that was over, she retired to her closet and read her letter over and over.

“MY DEAR LADY,
 “I must shortly take a journey of great
 “consequence, but I cannot go till I have
 “seen you. I long impatiently for that
 “pleasure, I have to say what cannot be
 “written. I will be at Hobson's cottage
 “any day that you shall appoint, and I beg
 “and beseech you to meet me there. I will
 “speak to the good woman, and she will ac-
 “quaint me with your pleasure.

“Your true and faithful servant ever,

“R. C.”

Ma-

Mabel's heart resigned itself to the direction of her lover; discretion was silenced, advice was rejected, she believed that it was her fate to marry Sir Roger, and, therefore, there could be nothing wrong in obeying it.

Love is a dangerous sophister, he excuses every thing, and seems to sanctify every thing that he enjoins. Reason is called an intruder, and is expelled the council, and love becomes the tyrant of the heart.

The next morning Mabel went to Hobson's and returned to breakfast.

Edith told her she went thither very often. She replied, "I go as often as I please; you have no right to forbid me."—"I am sorry you should think me impertinent, my sister, I only wish to know why you do not accept my company, and why you make a secret of your walks to me."—

"Perhaps I may have reasons for what I do; but I do not like to be called to account. You have not taken Ursula's place, I hope?"—"Ah, my sister! you are unkind, I have not deserved such reflections."—"Why, then, do you extort
G 3 "them

" them from me ? Little Ellen has been very
 " ill, she is cutting teeth, her mother says;
 " I am anxious about her, and wish to see
 " her often: sure there is no harm in that,
 " sister ?"---" I am answered, sister Mabel ;
 " only take care that in deceiving me you do
 " not deceive yourself."---" What do you
 " mean ?"---" I mean that I am in fear that
 " you have some concealed reason for going
 " so often to Hobson's cottage."---Mabel
 was confused, she affected anger to hide it,
 and left her sister in displeasure. Edith was
 uneasy, she meditated whether she should not
 send a messenger to Calverly-hall to desire
 her mother to hasten home. She suspected
 that something wrong was going forward;
 yet she was unwilling to give her mother
 cause to suspect Mabel; she hoped she would
 not be guilty of any capital indiscretion.

Several days passed away in these reflec-
 tions without Edith's taking any resolution.
 One morning when she went to breakfast,
 Mabel was missing. Edith waited an hour, yet
 she came not. " Perhaps she will not re-
 " turn till dinner time."---The dinner hour
 came, but Mabel came not with it. Edith
 sup-

supposed she tarried to show that she would not be controuled. "Yet how greatly was she altered in her disposition and conduct!"---

Night came on, but no Mabel. "She is very perverse and obstinate, yet I will not solicit her to come home," said Edith; "I will go myself in the morning and fetch her home, and I will reprove her sharply."---

The next morning it rained hard and Edith was obliged to stay at home. She expected her every hour and minute, but she came not. In the afternoon she sent a servant with a horse, and orders that he should not come without her. In less than an hour he returned. He told her that she was not at Hobson's; that she went away the day before with two gentlemen, attended by several servants.

Edith was surprised and distressed; she then sent for the housekeeper and consulted her; till now she had kept her thoughts in her own bosom, but now she revealed her fears and her grief. What was to be done? Should she send a special messenger to her mother directly, or should she wait till the

next morning? While they were in consultation, a letter was brought in, the messenger would not wait an answer, but rode off at full speed. Edith read the contents:

“Mabel is safe and well. She begs her dear sister to be easy and composed, and not to alarm her mother. She will be at home to-morrow without fail.”

“What shall I do, Alice?” said Edith.—“In my poor opinion, Madam, it will be better not to send to my Lady; it will make her unhappy, and, perhaps, do no good. If Madam Mabel should come home to-morrow, she will, I hope, give good reasons for her absence; and if she should not, it will be time enough then to send for my Lady.”---“I believe you are right,” said Edith; “I will wait to see what to-morrow will produce.”---

Edith spent an unhappy day, and restless night; she feared and hoped by turns; but her greatest fear was to give pain to her mother’s heart. On the morrow about noon she heard a horn blow, several horsemen entered

tered the court, Mabel was in the midst of them, and Bertram, Sir Roland's squire, rode by her side. The servants ran into the courtyard, Edith stood at the hall-door. Mabel alighted with Bertram's assistance: she ran into her sister's arms. Bertram bowed to both the ladies, and before Edith could question him, he and his companions rode off, and were soon out of sight.

Mabel held her sister's hand, and led her into the dining parlour. "Forgive me, my dear Edith, for the pain I have given you."---Edith looked very serious. "Let me first know whether I ought to forgive you."---"Yes, my sister, you must forgive me; and you must farther oblige me, by avoiding to question me on the cause of my absence. One day you shall know all, but at present I cannot tell you; only one thing believe, that I have been in honourable company, and that I am safely returned home to you. I was solicited to stay where I was, and never to return hither, but I could not consent, because it would grieve my dear mother and sister."—

"Oh, Mabel! you have given me pain, more than you can imagine; I have not

“yet let my mother know of your elopement, but I am fearful that I shall not discharge my duty to her if I conceal it.”—
 “Yes, you will; I entreat you to conceal it, for some time, at least. I hope I shall one day tell it myself and be forgiven for it.”—Edith was serious and sorrowful; but Mabel, by her caresses and persuasions, foothed her into forgiveness. She begged her to enjoin the same secrecy to all the servants; she promised not to give her the same cause of complaint in future.

Edith asked many questions, but Mabel evaded or declined answering them, and though not satisfied, she desisted from her inquiries.

From the time of her return, Mabel never went to Hobson's without inviting Edith to walk with her. Edith questioned Susan, but could get no intelligence from her. Mabel assumed a cheerfulness, and Edith was obliged to keep her uneasiness in her own bosom.

A short time after Mabel's return, Mr. Clement Woodville came to pay the ladies a visit. He brought the welcome tidings that
 his

his sister, the young Lady Calverly, was safely brought to bed of a second son, and that their mother would return home in a few weeks.

Both the sisters were rejoiced at his arrival, but he thought Edith was uncommonly serious and reserved; he told her so, but she denied it.

He told her all his thoughts and views: that he was offered an employment in the King's household, but it was not much to his liking. That there was talk of the King's going to Ireland, and he was advised to make interest for a company in the army, that he liked that much better, but would be glad of her advice, and would be governed by it.

Edith declined giving advice—Clement urged it---had she not acknowledged herself his friend, would she refuse the duties of that office?---She said, she wished him to do what was most for his advantage. He was not satisfied with so cold an answer. "Why, then, do what is most agreeable to your-
"self."---"Would to God I might," was his answer.---"What, then, would you do, Clement?"---"I would live to the com-

"forts of life, and not to the vanities or the
 "luxuries of it. I would live upon a small
 "estate, and reap the produce of it; I
 "would farm my own lands, grow my own
 "corn, see my cattle feed around me, and
 "enjoy the blessings of a rural life. Had I
 "the power to choose my situation, this,
 "and one dear companion by my side, would
 "be all that is wanting to complete my hap-
 "piness. Yet for that dear friend's sake, I
 "could be content to encounter dangers and
 "difficulties of every kind, and there is no-
 "thing I would decline for her sake: it is
 "she that must decide my fate, and tell me
 "what course I must take."---

Edith was affected, she was loth to give
 pain to the honest heart that resigned itself
 entirely to her disposal. "My friend," said
 she, "I will not affect to misunderstand
 "you. My first wish is to make my dear
 "mother's life happy; my second, to make
 "you so. I know your worthy heart, and
 "I trust it. You must wait with patience
 "till those two objects can be united. I
 "confess that I wish you to have some em-
 "ployment at home, rather than to encoun-

"ter

“ter dangers abroad; my mother loves and
 “trusts you, perhaps she may have occasion
 “for your services, she may be under obli-
 “gations to you, and she may wish to re-
 “ward your attachment to her. This is
 “my plan, and this is all that I can offer
 “you.”—“And this shall regulate my con-
 “duct. I thank you, my dearest lady,
 “for the sweet hope you have given me.
 “I will rely upon it, and obey your com-
 “mands implicitly.”—He took her hand and
 kissed it tenderly. “Remember, Clement,
 “that you are my brother, and my friend;
 “keep within the limits of these rela-
 “tions.”——

Edith would not allow her friend Clement
 to stay more than one week at the Bower;
 she told him he must then return, and be rea-
 dy to conduct her mother home; that she
 wished her not to tarry any longer away.

One evening as they were sitting after
 supper, Clement mentioned the adventure
 of the wood, and the knight Sir Roland.
 Mabel blushed and sighed at the recollection.
 Edith asked him whether he had gained no
 further intelligence of him. “Yes,” he
 re-

replied ; “ I have lately been in company
 “ with Sir Roger Morley, and I inquired af-
 “ ter Sir Roland ; he told me his kinsman
 “ had mentioned his obligations to me, and
 “ to the ladies of the name of Calverly.
 “ ‘ He longs to see and to embrace you,’
 “ said he, ‘ and to claim your friendship.
 “ When you see him next,’ said he, ‘ you
 “ must call him Sir Roger, for that is his
 “ real name.”—

Mabel blushed a deeper dye---Edith observed her. “ Why,” said she, “ did he conceal
 “ his real name ? ”—“ There is a mystery in
 “ it, I believe ; but his kinsman told me I
 “ should one day know him better.”—

Mabel sat uneasy while they were speaking of Sir Roger, she soon after retired to her own apartment. Edith followed her. Clement attempted to detain her, but her prudence prevailed over her wishes, and she seldom suffered him to converse with her alone. She would not allow him to stay a day longer, after the week was elapsed, but sent him back to the Hall, and desired him to urge her mother's return.

In

In another week, Clement escorted Lady Calverly to the Bower, and was allowed to spend a few more days there.

Edith received her mother with unfeigned joy, Mabel with blushes and confusion. Lady Calverly embraced her daughters with true maternal affection; she told them that their sister was perfectly recovered, and she left Sir John quite happy.

Clement returned home in a few days, and the ladies resumed their usual employments and amusements.

In the course of two months a remarkable alteration was seen in Mabel. She lost her appetite and her spirits, she grew pale and thin, she was silent and reserved, and frequently sighed deeply. Edith's eye was upon her, she hardly dared tell herself the fears and doubts that entered her bosom.

Mabel often retired to her closet, and staid there till she was called down stairs. Edith sometimes followed her thither, but finding the door fastened on the inside, she would not intrude herself farther. One day she went softly into Mabel's room, she was in the closet, but the door was partly open.

She

She saw her sister shedding tears over a picture which she held in her hand; she wept even to sobbing, and seemed in great distress. After observing her some time, and finding no abatement of her grief, she went into the closet. She threw her arms round her sister and thus spoke: "My dearest Mabel, " what can have happened to overwhelm " you thus with grief? If you deny me the " knowledge of it, suffer me, at least, to " weep with you."—

Mabel was struck with this tender expostulation, she returned the sisterly embrace.

"Oh, my sister! my friend! I do not deserve your tenderness. I have been reserved to you, and unjust to your friendship, but I could not help it; I could not tell you all my secrets; I dare not."—

"Dare not! surely you could not fear me? You could not doubt my affection or fidelity?"—"No, no; I did not; but"—
 "But what?"—"But I was forbidden."—
 "Forbidden! by whom?"—"By one that had a right to forbid me."—"Who could that be?"—"I cannot tell you. Oh sister! sister! the pain in my heart that I
 "once

"once talked of, is come upon me in earnest.
 "It oppresses me! it kills me!"—She
 fainted away. Edith supported her, she
 seated her in a chair, she wept over her.

Mabel revived, she saw her sister's concern, she cast an affecting look towards her that melted Edith's heart. "Oh, my sister!
 "what can I do for you?"---"Nothing;
 "leave me to my fate."---"Surely, my
 "dear, if you would open your heart to
 "me, you would find yourself relieved, and
 "I might think on something to help
 "you."---"No, that cannot be."---"Your
 "mother, perhaps you will tell her what
 "grieves you?"---"If you love me, if you
 "pity me, do not tell my mother, she will
 "know too soon."---"My sister, you terrify me! what must be known, cannot be
 "known too soon."---"Oh, no, no! hush,
 "no more! this is too much for me. Dear
 "Edith, say not a word of this conversation:
 "pity me, and love me, and that will
 "help me to support myself."---"I do both
 "most truly: try if you cannot make me of
 "some service to you; believe that there is
 "nothing I would not do or forbear to make
 "you easy."---

"I know.

"I know that you are all goodness and
 "kindness. I thank you, my sister; I feel
 "myself better. I will bear up and have
 "better hopes."---"Consider whether you
 "are right to keep your troubles from a sis-
 "ter who loves you, who wishes to be your
 "comforter, and for your own sake put it
 "into the power of your friends to serve
 "you."---"I will consider of it. I will
 "pray to the Blessed Virgin to assist and pro-
 "tect me. Leave me now, my sister. I
 "will pray and compose my mind, that I
 "may be fit to appear at dinner. I thank
 "you for your goodness to me."---

Edith left her with a heavy heart, oppres-
 sed with fears for her sister, and still more
 for her mother. "If," said she to herself;
 "if my sister's honour is lost, it will kill
 "my mother, and, perhaps, cause the death
 "of my brother; I must keep my fears to
 "myself whatever I may suffer inwardly."---

Edith assumed a cheerfulness that was not
 a native of her heart; she tried to turn her
 mother's attention from Mabel, whose looks
 shewed a deep melancholy, with an assumed
 resolution to conceal from every one the
 cause

cause of it. At length Lady Calverly observed the alteration in Mabel's health, and in her person also. She mentioned it to Edith, and was in fear that she was in a decline. Edith could not conceal her concern; she said, her sister was certainly in ill health, but she hoped not in a dangerous way. "She has lost her appetite, my dear, and looks strangely, I think; I will consult Alice, and we will prepare medicines for her: I am very much concerned about her."---Edith was distressed, she feared to say too much or too little; she wished that something might lead to a discovery that might put an end to her anxiety. My Lady was shut up some hours with her housekeeper; in the course of their conversation Alice thought it proper to tell her lady the history of Mabel's elopement; and to fix the date of her complaints, she remarked upon the symptoms of her disorder, and by degrees unfolded her suspicions of the cause.

Never was astonishment greater than that of Lady Calverly; grief, indignation, maternal affection, all were struggling in her bosom; she could not for some time find words

words to utter her distress. At length she spoke: "Why was this circumstance so long concealed from me?"---"It was by Madam Edith's desire; she thought it would vex you, and, therefore, desired me not to speak of it."---

"She might mean it well, but she judged wrong. I will speak to Edith."---Alice excused herself for her silence. Lady Calverly bade her bring Edith to her directly. She came at the first summons; her mother accused her of keeping from her a secret that it behoved her much to know.

Edith gave a true and simple narrative of all that she knew. She spoke of her sister's reserves to her from that time, but she did not mention the conference she had lately held with Mabel. She said that she had perceived that her sister was melancholy and unhappy. She implored her mother to have pity upon her, to speak mildly to her, to invite her to put confidence in her: "If you should alarm and terrify her," said she, "you may lose a child that deserves both your love and your pity."---Lady Calverly burst into a passion of tears, in which she

was.

was accompanied by both her auditors. Edith saw her mother softened, she seized the moment. "Let me implore you, my
 "honoured mother, not to speak to Mabel
 "till to-morrow; suffer her to take her rest,
 "and take that time for your own reflections;
 "let me watch by your bedside, and
 "be your attendant and comforter."—"You
 "are that already, my best Edith; but I cannot
 "deprive you of your rest: Oh, how
 "can I take any when the honour of my
 "family is at stake?"—"Then suffer me to
 "sleep with you, my dearest mother, or
 "else to watch with you; you must not
 "deny me this favour."—"My beloved
 "daughter, my friend and counsellor; I
 "will repose my cares in thy gentle bosom,
 "it is there only that I can trust them. But
 "what must I do with my unhappy child?
 "I cannot see her without her perceiving
 "my trouble; I cannot see her as I used to
 "do."—"Then I will say you are indisposed,
 "and you will retire early to your
 "own apartment. To-morrow, when you
 "have determined on your behaviour, we
 "will go to her bedchamber."—"I will follow
 "low

“low your advice, my dearest—alas, how
 “shall I bear the thought of my child’s
 “ruin, and my dishonour?”—“Take com-
 “fort, my dear mother : things may not be
 “so bad as you fear : but now let me go to
 “my sister ; I will attend you when she
 “goes to bed.”——

Edith met her sister at supper ; she ate nothing, the tears rolled down her face, but she said nothing to alarm her on her own account, but that her mother was not well, and that she should sleep with her.

Mabel desired that she might attend her : but Edith said she must not be disturbed to-night, but would see her on the morrow. Mabel expressed concern and anxiety. Edith wished her good repose, and retired.

Lady Calverly and her beloved daughter watched the whole night ; Edith used all her influence to soften her mother towards her sister ; she confessed that her suspicions fell upon their guest Sir Roland, that he had stolen Mabel’s affections, and seduced her from the path of duty. “Base and unwor-
 “thy man, to make such a return for our
 “kindness and hospitality ! how dared he to
 “seduce

“ seduce a daughter of Sir Hugh Calverly,
“ and think to go unpunished !”---

“ Have patience, my dearest mother. As
“ far as conjecture goes, it seems to me that
“ marriage was his aim, and, perhaps, he
“ may have obtained it.”---

“ God knows whether that be true or not,
“ it is only conjecture; but who is this Sir
“ Roland? I fear only an adventurer, whom
“ nobody knows.”—“ Have better hopes,
“ Madam; Sir Roger Morley has owned
“ his relation to our friend, Clement Wood-
“ ville, and that he would shortly claim his
“ friendship and acknowledge his services.”—
“ There is too much mystery about him;
“ a man of plain and decided character needs
“ none; I expect the worse that can befall,
“ and arm myself against it.”——

In conversation of this kind, the night
past away; as soon as daylight appeared,
the ladies arose from a restless pillow. It
was the vernal equinox, the sun rose at six
o'clock, and soon after the ladies, attended by
Alice, went to Mabel's apartment.

Edith first entered the room, with inten-
tion to prevent her being surprised; she in-
quired

quired after her health, and how she had rested. Mabel said, "How does my dearest mother? If she is well, no matter for me."—"Perhaps," said Edith, "her health may depend upon your's; she observes that you are not well; she comes to inquire into the cause of your ill health, and to consult on the best means of restoring you."—"Alas!" said Mabel, "that is worse to me than enduring what I have brought upon myself."---

Lady Calverly had heard all that passed between her daughters; she came forward, she looked sternly upon Mabel, whose conscience forestalled the reproof she feared; she shrunk under the bed-clothes and hid herself. Edith whispered her mother, "Be gentle, my dear mother; be tender to your Mabel; harshness may bring consequences that you would hereafter grieve to remember; but you never will repent of kindness."---

"I know not what to say or do," said my Lady aloud; "would you have me pass over as a light offence, the indiscretion, the crime, the dishonour of my child, the shame

“shame of my family? I cannot, I will not
“do so.”—

Mabel heard what her mother said: she raised her head and saw her in distress; the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she leaned upon Edith as if she was her only support: she gave a shriek, she jumped out of bed, and naked as she was, threw herself upon her knees; she embraced those of her mother; she sobbed deeply, and strove to speak, but could not immediately. “Oh, my mother! oh, my sister! I am not so guilty
“as you suppose me! I have not shamed
“my family! no, indeed I have not! I am
“married --- lawfully married --- I am indeed!”—

“Married!” said Lady Calverly; “married, did you say? How?---when?---where?
“---to whom?”—“To Sir Roger de Clarendon; he is my wedded lord and husband.”—“The secret is out,” said Edith;
“thank heaven it is no worse! my dear sister go into bed again; you will take cold;
“you will be sick: let us talk over these
“matters at leisure; compose yourself, my
“dear Mabel; my mother will hear you,
VOL. I. H “she

“she will pity and forgive you.”---Lady Calverly sat down in a chair by the bedside: the housekeeper and Edith assisted Mabel, who was near fainting; they put her to bed again, and Alice went to fetch some water to give her. She revived, she seized one of her mother’s hands and bathed it with her tears: she wept over her, and an affecting pause succeeded. Edith feared for them both; she wished this interview was over; she first broke silence. “Oh, my mother! speak to your children. Speak a word of comfort to your Mabel, and that will comfort your Edith, and give vent to your own emotions.”---“What can I say? Alas! I am convinced of Mabel’s situation! I pray to God that she may be married! who is this man who leaves her to sustain alone the dreadful trial? Can he be a man of honour or tenderness?”---

“Yes, indeed, he is both,” said Mabel; “he is unavoidably absent, on business of the greatest consequence to us both; but he will return as soon as possible; he will demand his wife, and excuse his own conduct.”---

“I re-

"I remember the name. When your noble father, Sir Hugh Calverly, was Governor of Calais, Sir Roger de Clarendon, then a youth, served under him in the defence of that city; he was highly spoken of as the resemblance of his illustrious father, the Black Prince, both in person, courage, and courtesy: but his conduct towards Sir Hugh's family does not agree with that character; it is that of a robber; it is base, and unworthy of a knight of honour and gallantry."---"My dear mother, it is the same person that was your guest, and who assumed the name of Sir Roland," said Edith.---"So much the worse; concealment always implies something wrong: he wronged our friendship; he used our kindness and hospitality to effect his own base purposes."---

"Oh!" said Mabel, "I cannot hear him wronged without answering for him; let me rise, and I will give you proofs of his honour and fidelity."---She rose, and Alice assisted her in putting on her cloaths. Edith said, "You know, Madam, he was wounded, and in danger of death when he was

"brought hither ; he certainly did not come
 "here with any intention to do us an inju-
 "ry ; let us endeavour to think the best
 "of him ; if he is our relation, he will make
 "himself appear worthy of our alliance ; he
 "will acquit himself of these heavy charges :
 "let us wait to hear what he can say for
 "himself."---" That is kindly said, my dear
 "Edith, and I thank you in his behalf."---
 "Why did he feign himself dumb ? I see no-
 "thing but treachery and deceit in his whole
 "conduct."---" He will one day justify
 "himself to you, Madam, and to every
 "part of the family ; in the mean time, I
 "beseech you to spare him for my sake."---
 Mabel went into her closet ; she brought out
 a gold ring and a diamond one. " This, Ma-
 "dam, is my wedding ring ; and this is a dia-
 "mond of great value, which the late Prince
 "of Wales gave to my husband's mother, and
 "she left it to her son."---

My Lady examined them both. On the
 inside of the gold ring there was a posy---

This and the giver are thine forever. R. C.

" This

" This looks like a proof: but where
 " were you married, and by whom?"---
 " At Sir Roger's own house, which his fa-
 " ther purchased for him many years ago.
 " Sir Nicholas Basset lately lived in it; but
 " in his absence he desired his friend to use
 " it for his service. Sir Roger came thither
 " with Master Bertram Clifton, and Robert
 " Seagrave, his 'squires and trusty friends:
 " I met him at Hobson's cottage, and he
 " took me from thence."---" And who mar-
 " ried you?"---" Father Austin, Sir Nicho-
 " las Basset's chaplain. Master Thomas
 " Basset and the other gentlemen were the
 " witnesses."---

" This is some satisfaction; but not yet
 " sufficient, till Sir Roger owns his marri-
 " age, and accounts for his conduct."---
 " Here then let us rest," said Edith, " till
 " this satisfaction can be obtained. Both
 " of you have suffered from this interview;
 " it is time to put an end to it. I entreat
 " you to compose your minds, and wait the
 " event with patience."---

Mabel went again to her closet; she
 brought out her pearl bracelets: she shewed

her mother the pictures, and she recognized the resemblances.

Mabel threw herself at her feet, and implored her forgiveness: my Lady embraced her, and they sealed the reconciliation with tears. Edith took a part in this renewal of affection: she separated them soon after; she went from one to the other all the day, and sent them early to their repose.

The next day all the parties were much better; the explanation had eased their minds, and their confidence in each other was renewed and confirmed.

Mabel learned that Alice had communicated her suspicions to her mother, and she resented it. Edith convinced her that what was necessary to be known, could not be too soon revealed, and that in regard to her own peace, a mother ought to know all, that she might be able to comfort and support her.

My Lady expressed great displeasure against Hobson and his wife. Mabel excused them at her own expence. Edith proposed a compromise, that Mabel should excuse the housekeeper, and my Lady should forgive the Hobsons: she was the friend, the
media-

mediator, the comforter of her mother and sister.

Within a short time after the explanation, Mr. Clement Woodville came to the Bower. Lady Calverly wanted a trusty friend; she meditated, feared, doubted, but at length she resolved to employ him in her service.

She told him that she had been very uneasy of late; that she wanted a friend to inquire into certain particulars of the utmost consequence to her peace.

Clement offered his services to the utmost extent of his power; he would go to ever so great distance, through any country whatever; he should be mortified if she should employ any person but himself.

After some prefacing, my Lady told him, that her guest, whom he had rescued from death, was Sir Roger de Clarendon, the natural son of the late Prince of Wales. Clement on his part told her all that he had learned from Sir Roger Morley his kinsman, and that he had since heard that he was gone to court, with a resolution to present himself to the King, and to claim his protection. My Lady was not displeased with this intelligence.

ligence. She told him that Sir Roger had gained Mabel's affections; that he had persuaded her to elope with him, and that she had reason to think they were privately married: that she was afraid to tell all that she knew to Sir John Calverly, lest he should think himself obliged to call Sir Roger to account, and to hazard one or both of their lives: that as Sir Roger was already under obligations to him, he might well be allowed to question him on this important subject, and to learn of him whether he was married, or whether he intended to marry Mabel: that he must keep this secret carefully from Sir John, and let her know what lights he had obtained into this business: that he should send messengers from time to time to herself only; and that she should defray all the expences incurred upon her account, and should moreover be under such obligation to him, as she should ever acknowledge, and make it her study to promote his interest and happiness.

Clement seized the opportunity to serve Lady Calverly; he assured her of his secrecy, honour, and fidelity, and of his assiduity in her service.

He

He acquainted Edith with all that had passed between him and her mother; she was pleased that he was the person chosen for this employment; she trusted in his gentleness and discretion to conciliate the friendship of Sir Roger de Clarendon, whereas a warmer and higher spirit might exasperate and provoke an enemy, where she wished to find a relation and friend.

Clement left the Bower very soon after, furnished with advice and instructions of every kind. He went first to Calverly-hall; he told Sir John that he was invited to visit his brother in London, and offered to execute any commission or command there, supposing he should stay some time.

Mabel would not appear below stairs while Clement was at the Bower; she did not choose to see any man out of the family. Lady Calverly by degrees treated her with the same kindness and affection as heretofore. Edith was the angelic minister of peace on all sides.

Within a month from his arrival in London, Clement dispatched a letter to the Bower with the following intelligence :

H 5

CLE-

CLEMENT WOODVILLE to Lady CALVERLY.

"MOST HONOURED LADY,

"I HAVE lost no time in obeying your
 "commands, according to my plan which
 "I shewed your ladyship before I left you.
 "I am happily enabled to send you tidings
 "of consequence. Sir Roger de Clarendon
 "hath presented himself before the King,
 "who hath received him graciously, ac-
 "knowledged him for his brother, and be-
 "stowed many gifts upon him, with pro-
 "mises of farther promotion. Something
 "hath happened which forwarded his recep-
 "tion wonderfully. The Lord John Hol-
 "land hath assassinated Sir Ralph Stafford;
 "the former is Sir Roger's greatest enemy,
 "the latter his sworn friend, and a man in
 "great favour with the King: his highness
 "was in great wrath and swore he would
 "give the murderer up to the law.

"The Princess Dowager threw herself
 "upon her knees before the King, and im-
 "plored him to spare the life of her son.

"He

" He would not grant her request : he said,
 " that this was not the prisoner's first of-
 " fence ; that he protected a set of despera-
 " does, who were ready to take away any
 " man's life that was obnoxious to him ;
 " that Sir Ralph Stafford was his good ser-
 " vant, and he would not pardon his mur-
 " derer.

" The Princess rose from her knees in
 " great anger and resentment ; she said,
 " ' Since I cannot prevail with one of my
 " sons, to spare the life of another, it is
 " time for me to die.'—She went away di-
 " rectly, went home, took to her bed, and
 " it is thought that she will die with grief.
 " Now, my good Lady, you must understand
 " that the Princess of Wales hath always
 " been the enemy of Sir Roger de Claren-
 " don, though he was born long before she
 " was married to the Prince. She was jea-
 " lous of his father's affection for him, fear-
 " ing that he should intercept his favours
 " to her sons, by the Lord Holland, her first
 " husband. Her younger son, the Lord
 " John Holland, took up an unjust aver-
 " sion to Sir Roger, and hath always been

H 6

" his

" his enemy and persecutor. By what I can
 " learn, and what I conjecture, it was two
 " of his servants that attacked Sir Roger in
 " the wood ; and now all his bad actions are
 " brought to light : he is imprisoned, and it
 " is thought the King will suffer the law to
 " take its course. These enemies being re-
 " moved, Sir Roger hath free access to the
 " King, and he is at court every day. I
 " have not yet waited upon him, lest he
 " should think I presume upon the services
 " I had the good fortune to render him.
 " My brother, Sir Richard, has promised
 " to present me to the King, and I am de-
 " sirous to see whether Sir Roger will re-
 " member me in his presence. As soon as
 " I have had a conference with him, I will
 " write again, and send a messenger as your
 " Ladyship has given me orders.

" My duty and my services attend the fair
 " ladies at the Bower.

" I am their's, and your faithful servitor,
 " CLEMENT WOODVILLE."

This letter gave great satisfaction to Lady
 Calverly ; she found it agree with what Ma-
 bel

bel had told her; she communicated it to Edith, but she thought proper to keep it from Mabel, till she knew whether Sir Roger would acknowledge his engagement; they both waited with some impatience for another letter from their friend Clement.

Within a fortnight the expected messenger arrived at the Bower, where he was welcomed and entertained as his tidings deserved.

*Second Letter from CLEMENT WOODVILLE
to Lady CALVERLY.*

“MY good Lady, I am impatient to tell
“you what I hope will remove your care
“and anxiety. Sir Roger de Clarendon is a
“man of honour and principle; he owns his
“marriage, and glories in it: I tell you
“this most happy circumstance before I de-
“scend to particulars.

“My brother carried me to court as he
“promised; Sir Roger was there. Sir Ri-
“chard said to the King—“I beg your High-
“ness’s permission to present my brother,
“Clement Woodville, to you; he will be
“proud

“proud to receive your Highness’s com-
 “mands.’—Sir Roger stepped forward, I had
 “the honour to kiss the King’s hand ; when
 “I rose up, Sir Roger came up to me, he
 “took my hand—‘ Mr. Clement Wood-
 “ville I rejoice to meet you here. My Lord
 “the King, I am more obliged to this gen-
 “tleman than to any man living ; he saved
 “my life when I was left in the wood, co-
 “vered with wounds, and almost expiring ;
 “but beside this, he is one of the bravest,
 “the tenderest, and the worthiest of men.’—
 “The King honoured me so far as to thank
 “me for my services to his brother ; he
 “bade my brother remind him of me, and
 “think of something for him to do for me.
 “I was overcome by his graciousness. I
 “thanked his Highness ; I said I wished to
 “be in a situation to show my gratitude and
 “obedience.—Sir Roger took me aside,
 “he asked me where I lodged ; I told him
 “at my brother’s, and hoped to see him
 “there, for I had some things to communi-
 “cate that required privacy : he promised to
 “come the next day, and we parted.
 “My brother and I retired ; I told him of
 “our adventure in the wood, of Sir Roger’s
 “sick-

“ sickness and recovery, and of his obligations to Lady Calverly and her fair daughters; but not the least hint of my commission.

“ The next day Sir Roger came to my brother’s house; we had a long conference together, of which I reserve the particulars for your private ear; but I can with confidence assure you, that he is all that ever you have heard of him. He honours your Ladyship; he doats upon your daughter Mabel; he is impatient to throw himself at your feet, and to claim his espoused bride. He has promised to declare his marriage to the King the first opportunity, and after that he will write to his lady; his letter will be sent by the next messenger, and one of mine will come at the same time.

“ With my duty and my prayers for your Ladyship and family, I remain,

“ Your most faithful and humble servitor,

“ C. WOODVILLE.”

Lady

Lady Calverly was overjoyed at the tidings in this letter. Edith begged her to communicate the contents of both letters to Mabel, saying, "She has suffered enough, and now she ought to know her own happiness."—

My Lady could not refuse this request, and Edith prepared her sister by degrees to hear what so nearly concerned her. She bore it with great composure, saying, she never doubted her husband's honour or fidelity.

My Lady was profuse in the praise of Clement: his coolness, his judgement, his discretion, were the subject of her eulogy. Edith enjoyed his praises; Mabel sometimes cast an arch look at her; but she joined in commending him without the least discomposure, and applauded her mother's choice of a friend and confident.

A short time after, Clement's third messenger arrived; he brought two letters, which were highly satisfactory to all the ladies at the Bower.

Third

*Third Letter of CLEMENT WOODVILLE to
Lady CALVERLY.*

“ HONOURED AND BELOVED LADY,

“ I SALUTE you respectfully, and presume to congratulate you and myself on the good success of my embassy.

“ I have now to inform you that the Princess of Wales is dead, and the court have put on the appearance of mourning and grief. Some do blame the King for refusing to grant his mother the life of her son ; others admire his resolution to refuse to pardon the murderer of his servant, for that would have been to encourage such atrocious actions ; and he ought to protect the lives of his people, and suffer the law to take its course.

“ The Lord Thomas Holland sent a messenger to know whether he might wait on the King ; he was told he might, and should be welcome. He came in deep mourning, with his eyes full of tears ; he kneeled to the King, who raised and embraced him, and called him his dear brother.

“ ther. They wept together for the death
 “ of their mother, and the King shewed
 “ great concern.

“ The Lord Holland took the time when
 “ the King was softened; he said his un-
 “ happy brother John was become a forfeit
 “ of the law, that he implored his Highness
 “ to grant him a reprieve for some time,
 “ that he might have time to repent of his
 “ crimes, and prepare for death. He urged his
 “ suit with so much grief and humility,
 “ that the King could not refuse it. He
 “ gave him a reprieve for three months, in
 “ the course of which the Lord Holland
 “ hopes to obtain his pardon. Whether he
 “ will succeed is yet uncertain; in the mean
 “ time the imprisonment of the Lord John
 “ is of great advantage to Sir Roger de Cla-
 “ rendon, for it was he who hindered his ac-
 “ cess to the King; he did him many ill
 “ offices in other respects: he encouraged
 “ a dependent of his, by name John Soun-
 “ der, to pretend that he was a son of the
 “ late Prince of Wales, and to set forth his
 “ pretensions as equal to those of Sir Roger.
 “ He employed his emissaries to slander and

“ ca-

“calumniate his character; and, finally, he
 “told the King that Sir Roger was gone to
 “Palestine on a pilgrimage to the Holy Se-
 “pulchre, intending by his instrument to
 “have him assassinated in England.. This
 “was the cause of Sir Roger’s concealment,
 “and of his pretending to be dumb, in order
 “to evade all inquiries. He will give you
 “himself all the particulars of his life, when
 “he is so happy to wait on your Ladyship.
 “For this time I humbly take my leave, and
 “remain,

“Your true and faithful servant,
 “C. WOODVILLE.”

*Letter from Sir ROGER DE CLARENDON to
 Lady CALVERLY.*

“MOST NOBLE, GENEROUS, AND
 “HONOURABLE LADY,
 “I LEARN from Mr. Clement Wood-
 “ville, my dear and worthy friend, that you
 “have been under much care and anxiety,
 “of which I am in some measure the cause.
 “That your fair daughter Mabel hath been
 2 “sick

"sick in body and mind, and being urged
 "by you, she hath confessed her engage-
 "ment to you. I declare to you, my good
 "Lady, that I claim the honour to be her
 "husband, and that I will demand her of
 "you, as soon as I have prepared an house
 "fit to receive her. My enemies have long
 "kept me from having access to the King,
 "upon whom I depend, in a great degree,
 "for my rank and fortune.

"It pleased God that I should at length
 "find a time when my enemies were put
 "aside, and the King hath acknowledged
 "me for his brother, and promised to pro-
 "vide for me. The Princess of Wales is
 "dead, the Lord Holland is in prison; he is
 "convicted of a base and treacherous mur-
 "der, and his life depends on the breath of
 "the King. God forbid that I should tri-
 "umph in their misfortunes! I lament and
 "pity them; but I trust it is out of their
 "power to do me any farther injury.

"I cannot at present leave the King; but
 "as soon as I can do it properly, I will wait
 "upon you and my dear Lady. I hope you
 "will own me for a son, and Madam Edith
 "for

"for a brother, seeing that the sweet Mabel
 "acknowledges me for her husband, which is
 "my pride and glory.

"When I leave the court, I will wait on
 "Sir John Calverly, in my way to the Bow-
 "er, till which time I could wish he might
 "not know of my marriage; but I refer
 "this point to your Ladyship's discretion.

"Salute my dearest Mabel for me, and
 "bid her depend on my constant affection
 "and fidelity: I remember your family
 "always in my prayers, and beg your's for
 "me, and I remain,

"Your son and servant,

"ROGER DE CLARENDON."

This letter made Lady Calverly's mind
 easy; till this time she had not been with-
 out fears of Sir Roger's integrity; but she
 was now freed from all doubts and cares for
 her daughter. Mabel triumphed in her hus-
 band's fidelity, and in her reliance upon his
 honour. My Lady had forbore to reprehend
 her with her indiscretion, at Edith's request;
 but

but now she told her all the danger she had incurred, and the troubles she might have brought upon her family. Mabel asked pardon, but yet she would not give up the idea, that it was her fate to act as she did, and she could in no wise have helped it.

Fourth Letter of CLEMENT WOODVILLE to Lady CALVERLY.

"HONOURED AND DEAR LADY,

"SIR Roger writes to assure you of his honour, and of his attention to your daughter's interest and happiness. He desires me to give you an account of some things that have passed that are of consequence to him; for he is paying his court to the King daily, and is using the opportunity of the absence of his enemies to establish his own fortunes.

"When a man is in trouble and disgrace, his enemies declare his faults, and his friends betray him. So is it with the Lord John Holland; one of his emissaries hath confessed that himself and John Soun-
"der

“ der afore-mentioned, were the men that
 “ attacked Sir Roger in the wood near your
 “ Bower, and that they did it by the order of
 “ the Lord John Holland; moreover he
 “ said, he knew where the said John Soun-
 “ der and his associates were concealed.

“ Sir Roger desired that they might be
 “ taken prisoners and brought to town to be
 “ examined farther. The King approved it,
 “ and the Lord Mayor gave his warrant to
 “ apprehend them. I offered to go with the
 “ party to take them, and Master Bertram
 “ Clifton resolved to do the same: accord-
 “ ingly we went, and found them where we
 “ were directed. They made some resistance,
 “ but were overpowered and brought to
 “ London; the King desired to hear their
 “ examination, so they were brought to
 “ court the next day.

“ The King desired to see John Sounder,
 “ so he stood forth. ‘ I ask you by what
 “ authority you dare to call yourself the son
 “ of my father?’ said the King.—‘ By the
 “ authority of my mother,’ answered the
 “ man, ‘ who I suppose was likely to
 “ know.’—‘ Who was your mother, was she
 “ mar-

"married or single?"—"She was the wife of
 "an archer called John Sounder, as I am,
 "and he was in the service of my Lord the
 "Prince of Wales."—"Did the Prince own
 "you? Did he declare to any man of credit
 "that you were his son?"—"I cannot tell
 "whether he did or not."—"Did he ever tell
 "you so?"—The man was silent. "Speak,
 "fellow; answer me."—"I cannot say he
 "did; but I have as good a right to believe
 "that I am his son, as Sir Roger de Claren-
 "don."—"No, you have not. My father
 "acknowledged him to all the world, even
 "to my mother, before he married her: he
 "presented him to the King my grandfather,
 "who knighted him; and he would have
 "owned you also, if you had really been his
 "son."—

"The Lord John Beauchamp was present;
 "he came forward and spoke:

"“I beg your Highness's permission to
 "say a few words in behalf of my royal mas-
 "ter, in whose service I spent the best part
 "of my life. He was a good as well as a
 "great man. He would have scorned to se-
 "duce the wife of any man; he would
 "sooner

“ sooner have died than have been guilty of
 “ such an action.

“ I beg leave to speak a word of Sir Ro-
 “ ger de Clarendon, who is the true son of
 “ my noble master. His mother was a young
 “ lady of birth and merit, whom he res-
 “ cued from great distress after the taking of
 “ Calais. He never had any other concu-
 “ bine beside her ; she bore him a son and a
 “ daughter, who is now the wife of Valeran
 “ de Luxemburg, Count of St. Pol. He
 “ acknowledged both these children to all
 “ his friends, and even to the world. By
 “ his last will and testament he bequeathed
 “ to Sir Roger de Clarendon his natural
 “ son, a fine silk bed, and all the furniture
 “ of one room, a part of his wardrobe, and
 “ a legacy in money beside. These are solid
 “ proofs, and cannot be set aside. This fel-
 “ low is an impostor, who, out of envy and
 “ malice to Sir Roger de Clarendon, hath
 “ pretended to be the son of the late Prince :
 “ but I hope, my Liege, you will punish
 “ him for this, and for the other crimes he
 “ hath been guilty of ; the slander of your
 “ noble father is what I cannot stand by and

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“ hear

“ hear silently, and were he a man of credit
 “ and character, I would make him eat his
 “ words, but as an assassin and a villain, I
 “ leave him to your Highness, and to the
 “ law.”—

“ The King took my Lord Beauchamp by
 “ the hand, he thanked him for defending
 “ his father’s character, and assented to all
 “ that he had said.

“ He ordered that John Sounder should be
 “ imprisoned, and that he should be tried
 “ for his offences by the law; if that spared
 “ his life, he should be banished for ever
 “ from this realm of England. He forbade
 “ him to call himself the son of the Prince
 “ of Wales from henceforth for ever; and
 “ he bade the Mayor’s officers take him out
 “ of his presence. While they were taking
 “ him away, the man said, they could not
 “ hinder him to think himself the Prince’s
 “ son, and that he should do while he lived.

“ I was present at this scene, and I thought
 “ your Ladyship would like to hear it, be-
 “ cause it proves Sir Roger’s pretensions to
 “ the honour of being the son of the most
 “ noble Prince of Wales, and the King’s re-
 “ gard for him.

“ He

“ He desires me to stay some time longer
“ in London, until he can conveniently re-
“ turn with me, which he is impatient to
“ do.

“ We shall go first to Calverly-hall to
“ wait on Sir John, and from thence to the
“ Bower of peace and contentment. I wish
“ ardently for the time, and remain,

“ Your Ladyship's most dutiful,

“ And humble servant,

“ C. WOODVILLE.”

Lady Calverly detained the messenger till
she should write answers to both the letters,
which she got in readiness on the following
day.

*Lady CALVERLY to Sir ROGER DE CLA-
RENDON.*

“ SIR ROGER DE CLARENDON,

“ I HAVE received your letter, the con-
“ tents whereof have in a great measure re-
“ moved

“ moved my doubts, and given me satisfac-
 “ tion.

“ You must allow that I have just cause
 “ of resentment towards you.

“ First, for seducing the affections of a
 “ young maiden of an honourable family.—

“ Secondly, for marrying her in a clandestine
 “ manner, without the knowledge or

“ consent of her mother, or any part of her

“ family.—And, thirdly, for leaving her to

“ go through a most severe trial by herself,

“ which she has sustained with more courage

“ and fortitude than is common to a young

“ woman of her years and modesty. I for-

“ bear to aggravate these charges against you

“ by mentioning the particular circumstances

“ of your conduct, while you were shelter-

“ ed under my roof.

“ I forgive all that is past, upon condi-

“ tion that you make due amends for it by

“ your behaviour as a husband to my daugh-

“ ter Mabel; truly, Sir, she deserves that

“ you should do so, for she has shewn the

“ most sincere and ardent affection for you,

“ and the most steady reliance upon your

“ honour and fidelity. She wishes to write

“ to

“ to you herself, but has not yet been taught
 “ to use a pen, which I thought needless for
 “ so young a woman as herself; but she
 “ shall learn it when her health shall permit
 “ and opportunity serves.

“ Now, Sir, I must speak upon a subject
 “ which none but your wife’s mother could
 “ mention to you. By my daughter’s ac-
 “ count you have been married full six
 “ months: it is strange that you should not
 “ have expected that within that time your
 “ marriage would discover itself. Think
 “ what your poor Mabel must have suffered
 “ by such a discovery, and what her mother
 “ must feel on the occasion; how much the
 “ husband’s presence was wanted and wished
 “ to support and comfort his espoused, but
 “ not acknowledged wife. Mabel stood it
 “ nobly and steadily, and well deserves to be
 “ rewarded, as I trust you will own and
 “ agree to.

“ I understand that you are cultivating
 “ your interest with the King, which may
 “ be right and prudent, but as soon as you
 “ can leave the court, let us see you here,
 “ for your honour can be no where so much
 “ concerned.

" I comply with your request in keeping
 " secrecy towards Sir John against my own
 " opinion, for I think he cannot know it
 " too soon. Edith salutes you. Mabel
 " sends her love and duty. We all remem-
 " ber you in our prayers.

" I am,
 " The friend of your honour and prosperity,

" ISABEL CALVERLY."

*Lady CALVERLY to CLEMENT WOOD-
 VILLE, Esquire.*

" MASTER CLEMENT WOODVILLE,

" I THANK you heartily for your good
 " offices, which have been performed much
 " to the credit of your honour and ability ;
 " they have raised you high in my esteem,
 " and I shall always be ready to own my
 " obligations to you, and to reward your
 " services, as opportunity shall be given me.
 " I am glad to hear that you have been pre-
 " sented to the King, and that his Highness
 " has desired to be reminded of you : I wish
 " and pray that he may provide for you soon,
 " for

“ for it grows time for you to look forward
 “ to an establishment for yourself. I shall
 “ consult with Sir John on some means to
 “ do you service, and I shall consider you
 “ as my friend upon this and every other
 “ occasion.

“ Continue, I pray you, to give me an
 “ account of every thing that bears relation
 “ to Sir Roger de Clarendon; I hope he
 “ will soon be at leisure to come to the
 “ Bower, and that you will attend him hi-
 “ ther.

“ My daughters salute you, and we re-
 “ member you in our prayers—farewel,

“ Your friend to serve you,

“ ISABEL CALVERLY.”

These communications afforded subjects of conversation to the ladies at the Bower; they gave a new flow of spirits, increased their confidence in each other, and gave satisfaction to all of them. They united in wishes, prayers, and expectations of the arrival of Sir Roger de Clarendon.

The week following another courier arrived with a packet of letters.

Sir ROGER DE CLARENDON to Lady CAL-
VERLY.

“HONOURED AND DEAR LADY,

“I THANK you a thousand times for
“the honour you have done me in sending
“me a letter of your own hand-writing. I
“thank you for all and every part of it,
“even for your corrections, which are those
“of a parent and a friend. I shall endea-
“vour to deserve your good opinion, and
“to answer the hopes you have entertained
“of me. After the hint you have given, I
“can no longer delay waiting upon you. I
“have this day informed the King of my
“marriage, and the date of it. He said this
“alliance was an honour to me ; I answered
“that I esteemed it so. He permitted me
“to wait on the Queen, and I declared the
“same to her Highness, and told her of the
“beauty and merit of the lady I had the ho-
“nour to call by my name. I asked per-
“mission of the King to visit my wife and
“her family : he gave it me freely. I shall
“set

“ set out two days hence: Mr. Clement
 “ Woodville will accompany me. I have
 “ ordered my messenger to meet me at Cal-
 “ verly-hall. I shall stay no longer there,
 “ than till I have made myself known to
 “ Sir John, and saluted him as my brother;
 “ then I shall come to the Bower with all
 “ speed. I shall leave at the court, Master
 “ Bertram Clifton, and Master Robert Sea-
 “ grave, my trusty friends, and they will
 “ write me word of what passes there during
 “ my absence, that it concerns me to know.
 “ Master Thomas Basset, who was present at
 “ my marriage, will either go with us, or fol-
 “ low us to Calverly-hall. When I have the
 “ happiness to throw myself at your ladyship’s
 “ feet, I will tell you every circumstance of
 “ my life past, and wheresoever you shall
 “ think me worthy of blame, I will condemn
 “ myself, and ask your pardon: you have
 “ assured me of grace and favour, so I shall
 “ throw myself upon your mercy. In the
 “ interim, I remain,

“ Your Ladyship’s in all respect and duty,

“ ROGER DE CLARENDON.”

"My best love and service to the fair
"Edith; and to my wife my heart's entire
"affections."

Sir ROGER to Lady CLARENDON.

"DEAREST AND MOST BELOVED OF
"WOMEN,

"HAST thou suffered by my absence?
"Knowest thou what I also have suffered?
"No, thou dost not; thy revered mother
"chides me in thy behalf, as if I had sought
"for an excuse to be absent.

"I told thee, my dearest, that I must
"leave thee for a time, in order to obtain
"the means to receive thee according to thy
"birth and merit; this end is now obtained,
"the King owns and protects me, the Queen
"patronizes me.

"When I am so happy as to hold thee in
"mine arms, thou shalt shrive me of all
"my faults, and wheresoever thou findest
"me to blame, thou shalt enjoin a penance
"suitable to the offence; any penance but
"that of an enforced absence. I leave the

“ court the day after to-morrow, and hope
 “ soon to enjoy thy presence. Now does
 “ time move with leaden wings, I reckon
 “ every minute for an hour, and every hour
 “ as a day, till I shall behold again my be-
 “ loved Mabel, my lady, my wife, and my
 “ heart’s treasure. Heaven grant us a happy
 “ meeting, prays thy faithful lover, and ac-
 “ knowledged husband,

“ ROGER DE CLARENDON.”

These letters excited the impatience of all the ladies at the Bower; that of Mabel was a mixture of pleasure and pain, that proved the insufficiency of earthly happiness to satisfy the immortal soul.

The following day the messenger returned to meet his master at Calverly-hall: within three days after he came again to the Bower with another letter.

*Fifth Letter of CLEMENT WOODVILLE to
 Lady CALVERLY.*

“ I WRITE now to inform your Lady-
 “ ship of all that is passing at the Hall, and

“to prepare you to receive your long-ex-
 “pected and desired guest.

“Sir Roger de Clarendon, Mr. Thomas
 “Basset, and myself, arrived here on Tues-
 “day last. Sir John received us with his
 “accustomed courtesy and kindness. Sir
 “Roger said, he had long wished to pay his
 “respect to him, that he had favours to ac-
 “knowledge, and favours to ask beside. He
 “spoke of the kindness and hospitality with
 “which he was entertained at the Bower,
 “and used many expressions of gratitude
 “and affection. He mentioned his obliga-
 “tions to me, said that he was bound to me
 “by all the ties of friendship, and that he
 “hoped for my influence with Sir John to
 “obtain his also, which he should esteem
 “as an honour, and cultivate with all his
 “powers.

“Sir John replied, that he embraced the
 “occasion that brought him acquainted with
 “so noble a gentleman, that he accepted his
 “friendship, and offered his own in return,
 “and that he was obliged to the ladies at the
 “Bower for the attentions they had paid to
 “their noble guest.—

“Many

“ Many more words of ceremony passed
 “ on both sides, but we did not enter upon
 “ the important subject till the next day.
 “ After breakfast Sir Roger began as follows:
 “ — ‘ Sir John Calverly, I thank you for
 “ your generous and kind reception. I told
 “ you yesterday that I had favours to ac-
 “ knowledge, and favours to ask beside; I
 “ shall now explain the latter. During my
 “ residence at the Bower, I saw daily your
 “ charming sisters; but though I admired
 “ them both, one only captivated my heart,
 “ and that was the charming Mabel. I
 “ should have waited on you immediately to
 “ have asked her in marriage, but I was in
 “ a peculiar situation: my enemies were
 “ lying in wait for my life, and my friends
 “ were incessantly urging me to go to the
 “ King, and shelter myself under his pro-
 “ tection. At further leisure I will explain
 “ all the circumstances, but I will now keep
 “ to the subject of my present visit, which
 “ is to ask your consent to my marriage with
 “ your sister Mabel.’ — Sir John looked sur-
 “ prised. ‘ Consent to your marriage, Sir!
 “ What are you then assured of my sister’s
 “ fa-

"favour, of my mother's consent?"—Sir
 "Roger bowed gracefully; 'Sir, I have
 "the honour and happiness to be secure of
 "both.'—'Indeed, Sir! it is strange that
 "my mother should not have written to me
 "upon the subject.'—'Why, Sir, she has
 "also been under peculiar circumstances,
 "which shall in due time be explained; but
 "let us keep to the present occasion. I ask
 "your consent, and I will convince you of
 "that of the ladies.'—'Sir, if you have ob-
 "tained their consent, I have no right to
 "withhold mine.'—'Nor inclination, I
 "hope, Sir John?'—'None, I assure you.'—
 "Then suffer me to embrace you as my
 "brother.'—'Are you then married?'—
 "Yes, God be thanked!—Sir John looked
 "serious: 'Surely I ought to have been
 "made acquainted, the circumstances re-
 "quire explanation.'—'All shall be explain-
 "ed: hear me, Sir John; you have been a
 "lover, and ought to excuse a lover's pre-
 "cipitate conduct, such I confess was mine.
 "I exchanged vows with your lovely sister
 "before I left the Bower; (Sir John frown-
 "ed) I went from thence to Sir Nicholas
 "Baf-

" Basset's ; he has rented a house of mine for
 " three years past. I there related my ad-
 " venture in the wood, the assistance I re-
 " ceived from Mr. Woodville, the hospita-
 " lity of Lady Calverly, the beauty and
 " merit of her daughters. Several young
 " gentlemen were present, they had heard
 " of the young ladies, and of their merits :
 " two of them avowed intentions to visit
 " them, and to pay court to them. Mr.
 " Ralph Basset, the elder brother of this
 " young gentleman here present, was one ;
 " Mr. Henry Beauchamp the other. My
 " heart was enflamed with love and jealousy.
 " I feared that while I was absent, another
 " man might obtain my prize. I wrote to
 " Mabel several times ; I besought her to
 " give me a meeting, which at length she
 " granted. I urged her to put herself under
 " my protection : (Here Sir John shook his
 " head) I carried her to Sir Nicholas Basset's,
 " he was absent, but he had given me leave
 " to use the house as my own. (Sir John bit
 " his lip and turned pale) Here I married the
 " charming Mabel, the treasure of my life.
 " Here I received the most precious proof
 " of

“ of her affection and confidence in me,
 “ which I shall ever consider as the first
 “ blessing of my life.’—

“ ‘ Who were present? Who married
 “ you?’ said Sir John, with impatience.—
 “ Sir, I have here an authentic certificate,
 “ signed by proper witnesses; we were mar-
 “ ried by Sir Nicholas Bassett’s chaplain,
 “ and this young gentleman, Mr. Thomas
 “ Bassett, was one of the witnesses, as he will
 “ testify.’—Mr. T. Bassett then testified his
 “ presence at the ceremony. Sir John read
 “ the paper, he returned it to Sir Roger,
 “ and his countenance was more composed.
 “ He desired Sir Roger to proceed.—He
 “ then told him the necessity of his journey
 “ to London, his wish to conceal his mar-
 “ riage for a time, and his reasons for it:
 “ his audience of the King, the machina-
 “ tions of his enemies, and all that followed
 “ during his residence in London: his meet-
 “ ing me there, his writing to Lady Calver-
 “ ly, her answer, and his impatience to go
 “ to the Bower: his resolution to visit Sir
 “ John, and his motives for it: his jour-
 “ ney here, and his impatience to be at the
 “ Bower.

“ Bower. That he had prevailed upon Mr.
 “ T. Basset and me to give him our com-
 “ pany, that the former might bear witness
 “ to his being honourably and properly mar-
 “ ried, and that the latter might mediate on
 “ his behalf in case it should be necessary;
 “ that Lady Calverly knew all, and had for-
 “ given him, and he hoped Sir John would
 “ upon the same condition, namely, that
 “ his future behaviour to his sister should be
 “ unexceptionable.—

“ Sir John changed colour several times
 “ in the course of his speech. When it
 “ was concluded, he was silent a minute or
 “ two. I then spoke with great caution,
 “ as I thought best not to mention my com-
 “ mission from your Ladyship, lest Sir John
 “ should suspect, that Sir Roger had need to
 “ be reminded of his duty, and lest Sir Ro-
 “ ger should suspect, that your Ladyship
 “ was of his opinion. I said, that after my
 “ meeting Sir Roger at court, and the re-
 “ newal of our friendship, I had been per-
 “ mitted to write to Lady Calverly in Sir
 “ Roger’s behalf, and to mediate between
 “ them: that I was well assured that my
 “ Lady

“ Lady had forgiven both him and her
 “ daughter, and that his presence was impatiently expected by all the ladies at the
 “ Bower: that in regard to them, I hoped
 “ Sir John would not detain him longer
 “ than was necessary for his satisfaction.—

“ Sir John recollected himself; he rose
 “ and embraced Sir Roger, and assured him
 “ of his friendship and brotherly affection:
 “ he mentioned his sister’s fortune, and offered to add to it. Sir Roger would not
 “ hear of it.—They talked upon other subjects, and were every minute more pleased
 “ with each other; and I have the honour
 “ and pleasure to assure you, they are united
 “ in the strongest bands of friendship.

“ All these things are better to be known
 “ before you meet them. We shall set out
 “ out to-morrow, and come with all convenient speed to the Bower, and you will be
 “ fully prepared to receive us. I claim a
 “ share in the family joy, as one of the most
 “ humble, and faithful of its servants.

“ CLEMENT WOODVILLE.”

Lady

Lady Calverly was well pleased with this letter, she communicated it to Edith: my Lady was eloquent in Clement's praises, and Edith did not contradict her. Mabel was agitated by hopes and fears; she wished and yet dreaded to see the lord of her heart. She had been told of men that were capable of neglecting and despising their wives, because they were too easily won. Sir Roger might be one of these; her brother might be displeased with her, or her husband: an hundred causes of fear oppress the heart that truly loves, and every thing that relates to the object, gives exquisite pleasure, or the most poignant anguish. Edith was the most tender of friends, and the most successful comforter.

The next morning, as the ladies were sitting in the parlour at breakfast, a knocking was heard at the outward gate. Mabel changed colour. Edith said, "Be composed, my sister; it is either a servant, or a familiar friend, otherwise his coming would have been announced by the horn."—The door was opened, and Clement Woodville entered the room. They were rejoiced to

to see him. He came forward to my Lady, he took her hand and kissed it. She said, "My friend, you are truly welcome!"—"I thank you, Madam; I congratulate you on this happy occasion: my dear ladies, accept me as an harbinger to still more welcome guests. I thought Lady Clarendon might be surprised, therefore I came forward at full speed to prepare her to see Sir Roger without being discomposed."—"You are the most prudent and considerate of men," said my Lady: "I am sure all of us are under great obligations to you."—The young ladies joined in the acknowledgement. Clement was all life and spirits, he kept them in talk till the sound of the horn was heard at a distance first, the second blast was nearer, the third was in the courtyard. Mabel was overcome with her emotions, her mother supported and encouraged her. Sir John Calverly was the first man that came forward, he took Sir Roger's hand, led him to my Lady. She bowed her head and pointed to Mabel. Sir Roger kneeled to her, he kissed her hand, and that of her daughter who leaned upon her.

He

He then rose. "Permit me, Madam, to support the most welcome burthen that ever man received into his arms."—He took her from her mother, he embraced her tenderly: he spoke words of the most gentle and affectionate nature: he told her he hoped all her sufferings and his own were ended, and they might enjoy, undisturbed, the blessings which heaven had prepared for them. By degrees she recovered, she wept in his bosom, and peace returned to her own.

While these lovers were thus engaged, the rest of the company saluted and congratulated each other. My Lady thanked Sir John for giving her thus unexpectedly the pleasure of his company. He said, "I had not intended it, but Sir Roger urged me to accompany him in so earnest a manner, that I could not refuse him. Your son-in-law, Madam, is master of the art of persuasion; I do not wonder that Mabel could not resist him, for I find myself unable to refute his arguments, or to grant any request he makes me. From this time forward we are all one family."—

Con-

Congratulations were given and returned on all sides, and never was there seen an happier family than that Eglantine Bower contained. They spent several days together, without a wish beyond what blessings were included in that house.

Sir John began to look towards those he had left at Calverly-hall: Sir Roger would not hear him speak of his return at present; he requested him to make a visit with him to Sir Nicholas Basset's, he wished to introduce that family to his acquaintance and friendship, and to desire Sir Nicholas to quit that house as soon as he could conveniently. My Lady begged him not to be in haste, nor yet to hurry his friend; she said that Mabel might remain at the Bower, till it was quite convenient to him to receive her; and that himself should be the most welcome guest and inmate at all times. Sir Roger paid his acknowledgements, and said he should joyfully accept her offer for some months to come, but he hoped in the spring to carry his dear wife to her own house.

They went to Sir Nicholas Basset's, they spent one day and night there; when they
return-

returned, they were accompanied by the two young gentlemen, Mr. Ralph, and Mr. Thomas Basset. Clement's countenance fell at the sight of them, he doubted not the intention of their visits: he solicited an interview with his adored Edith, and told her his fears and his vexations. Edith assured him of her steadiness in refusing any offer of marriage; she owned his merit, and her own attachment to him: she said, things were working about to the point she desired; that they must by patience and fortitude conquer the difficulties in their way, and entitle themselves to the blessings that awaited them. She concluded by saying, "Cultivate my mother's friendship, and rely upon my honour and constancy."—Clement was re-assured; but still he had misgivings in his heart.

This honourable and happy company held many interesting conversations upon various subjects, which Mr. Clement Woodville committed to writing; for he was fond of reading and writing, more than was common in those times.

He

He thought some things that had been said, might be useful, both to the public, and to private persons, and he wished to revive the remembrance of them for his own benefit and satisfaction.

One day as they were sitting after dinner, Sir John Calverly jested with his sister Edith on her suffering her younger sister to be married before her. She smiling said, she did not feel the least degree of mortification upon that account.

“ You know, Edith, it is your own fault ;
“ you are so hard to be pleased, that it will
“ be difficult to find a man that will meet
“ with your approbation.”—“ I believe you
“ are right, brother ; perhaps I may require
“ qualities that are not very common.”—

Mr. Ralph Basset asked her to name her requisites, that men might know whether they could answer to them or not.—Edith said, the man she should favour must be a very odd person, “ And no man would think
“ it worth his while to pretend to such qualities as I should wish for in a husband.”—
“ Pray tell us some of them, Edith,” said Sir John.—“ In the first place he must have

“ nei-

“neither pride, vanity, nor ambition.”—

“You must explain yourself farther.”—

“Secondly, he must love my mother as well, or better than myself. The truth is, I have resolved never to leave my dear mother, consequently, the man who wishes to be my husband, must relinquish all his desire of promotion, in whatever situation he may be. He must devote himself wholly to the domestic duties, he must be our protector, friend, counsellor, and assistant, the overlooker of our farm, the master of our servants, and the friend of mankind: he must, beside these requisites, be able to please in all other respects, and to please one of us signifies nothing, for we are inseparable.”—

“And where do you expect to find such a man, Edith?”—“Why that is my shield of defence against all my offers of marriage; I do not expect to meet with such a man, nor, perhaps, I do not wish it; but yet, unless I do meet with such a one, I will never marry.”—“But suppose such a man as you could like in other respects were to offer, but that having al-

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“You must explain yourself farther.”—

“Secondly, he must love my mother as well, or better than myself. The truth is, I have resolved never to leave my dear mother, consequently, the man who wishes to be my husband, must relinquish all his desire of promotion, in whatever situation he may be. He must devote himself wholly to the domestic duties, he must be our protector, friend, counsellor, and assistant, the overlooker of our farm, the master of our servants, and the friend of mankind: he must, beside these requisites, be able to please in all other respects, and to please one of us signifies nothing, for we are inseparable.”—

“And where do you expect to find such a man, Edith?”—“Why that is my shield of defence against all my offers of marriage; I do not expect to meet with such a man, nor, perhaps, I do not wish it; but yet, unless I do meet with such a one, I will never marry.”—“But suppose such a man as you could like in other respects were to offer, but that having al-

“ready taken a profession upon him, he
 “could not desert his station without a
 “blemish upon his character. A soldier,
 “for instance.”—“Oh, I would not marry
 “a soldier upon any earthly consideration.
 “What agonies of hopes and fears should I
 “have to undergo, while he was absent upon
 “duty! and when he returned, with his
 “brows crowned with a wreath of false
 “glory, I should fancy I saw him bathed
 “in the blood of his fellow-creatures; and
 “I should shrink from his sight and touch.”
 —“Oh, fie, Edith! recollect that you are
 “the daughter of a soldier, a man equally
 “brave and humane; a man respected and
 “beloved.”—“I revere the memory of my
 “father; but you were speaking of a hus-
 “band: while I am unmarried I may choose,
 “and I may refuse; I declare against a sol-
 “dier.”—

“I perceive that you mean to live single,
 “and that you would object to every man
 “and every profession.”—“Perhaps not,
 “brother; but I should be glad to change
 “the subject; what I have said has been
 “urged from me.”—

“You

“ You have been very hard upon the pro-
 “ fession of a soldier,” said Sir Roger ; “ I
 “ hope my sweet Mabel has not imbibed
 “ your way of thinking.”—“ No, indeed,”
 replied Mabel, “ I am quite of a different
 “ opinion : I think a soldier the most ho-
 “ nourable of all professions, and that all
 “ the great men, whose names I always took
 “ pleasure to hear, were of it. I enjoyed
 “ my father’s glory, and I hope to partake
 “ that of my husband, though I expect to
 “ meet with pain and trouble in my way to
 “ it ; but I hope to bear it with patience and
 “ fortitude. It is noble to devote one’s self
 “ to the service of one’s country, to suffer
 “ for it, and to die in the defence of it.”—
 “ There I agree with you,” replied Edith :
 “ to die in defence of one’s country is a
 “ duty ; but there is a great difference be-
 “ tween a war of offence and defence. To
 “ attack the dominions of other people, to
 “ wish to conquer what is not our own, to
 “ take away what is the natural right of
 “ others, this appears to me cruel and un-
 “ just : but to defend our own country when
 “ invaded by its enemies, this is just and

"necessary, and they do not deserve its
 "protection, that would not arm in defence
 "of it."—

"There is much to be said on both sides
 "of this argument," said Lady Calverly;
 "permit me to moderate between my daugh-
 "ters, they are both right in some respects.
 "A soldier cannot be allowed to reason
 "upon the original cause of the war he is
 "engaged in; he must fight for his king
 "and country, and pray that their cause
 "may be always united; but at the same
 "time I agree with my Edith, that a sol-
 "dier's wife has much to suffer; I speak
 "from experience. When Sir Hugh Cal-
 "verly was Governor of Calais, I was with
 "him at the time it was attacked by the
 "French. My husband defended it gal-
 "lantly, he forced his enemies to quit the
 "siege of it. He acquired honour and
 "glory, but what did his wife and children
 "suffer during the time of the siege? I was
 "not so great a heroine as willingly to sa-
 "crifice my husband to his glory, nor so un-
 "worthy an Englishwoman, as to wish him
 "to save his life at the expence of his ho-
 "nour

"nour and character. It is this struggle
 "that makes the situation so truly painful;
 "it is our duty to submit to it, and we can
 "only wish and pray for a happy event. I
 "do not blame my Edith's resolution, ex-
 "cept in what concerns myself; far be it
 "from me to wish her to live single upon
 "my account, yet I am truly sensible of
 "the sacrifice she offers me; she is the best
 "and dearest of children, my friend, my
 "comforter, my counsellor; but I will part
 "with her at any time to promote her inte-
 "rest and happiness."—

"My happiness," saith Edith, "is best
 "promoted by that of my mother; I will
 "never leave her while I live. I wish my
 "brother and friends to know it, that I may
 "never more be asked to do it; for the rest,
 "it is better that people should differ in
 "opinion upon every subject; there will
 "always be found men enough to pursue
 "what is called glory, ambition, prefer-
 "ment; the few who do not choose these
 "paths, may sit down contented in obscu-
 "rity without being missed or wanted. I
 "am one of these, and I may enjoy my own
 K 3 "wishes,

“ wishes, without interfering with those of
“ others.”—

Lady Calverly made a motion to retire, her daughters followed her, they pursued the subject in their own apartment. Mabel’s sentiments were heroic and great; Edith’s were humble and rural, she preferred content in a cottage. My Lady was of opinion that both were right in their respective situations. In her youth she had talked much of honour and glory, but in after life she preferred ease and content.

The gentlemen rode out and did not return till the hour of supper.

Mr. Ralph Basset rode next Sir John Calverly, and in the course of their conversation he spoke of his intended suit to Edith. “ Your sister, Sir John, is a charming lady; “ but she discourages every man who pretends “ to her, and tells them beforehand that “ their suit will be unsuccessful.”—

“ That is true, Sir; my mother and she “ have the most entire friendship for each “ other; they choose to live together, and I “ cannot prevail upon myself to endeavour “ to separate them. I am sensible of the ho-
“ nour

"nour you do our family, and should be
 "happy to call you brother; but I can only
 "propose it, I cannot encourage you farther.
 "I pleased myself in my own marriage, I
 "cannot urge my sister to accept any man;
 "yet I wish her happily married: but after
 "what you have heard, you cannot hope to
 "succeed with her; if you still wish me to
 "propose it, I will do it."—"I beg you will,
 "Sir; I will make one attempt, and if I
 "find she cannot love me, I will desist, for
 "her sake, and for my own."—

The conference ended here; the gentlemen took their circuit, and returned in health and spirits to meet the ladies at supper.

Sir Roger de Clarendon revived the subject begun after dinner.

He spoke in praise of a military life; he drew the character of a perfect hero, and then instanced the characters of the great King Edward the Third and of his son Edward Prince of Wales; he expatiated upon their merits in every point of view, as men, as princes, as warriors, as statesmen, as husbands and fathers, and concluded by remarking, that no man in a state of contented ob-

security could have opportunity to show forth those virtues, which an active life brought forward to view, and put into employment. Sir John said, that the late reign was an æra of heroes; the example of the King and Prince raised an army of such men, and they might enumerate them till they grew tired of speaking; that many were still living who were worthy of a place in the list of famous men of our times.

Mr. Clement Woodville drew a paper out of his pocket, saying, "I have here a list
 "of famous men living in the reign of Edward the Third; but before I read it, permit me to observe, that heroes must eat as well as other men, and therefore they
 "ought not to despise or oppress those who
 "by their labours supply all their wants,
 "and beside by the comparison give them
 "most of their advantages, and also support
 "their glory. Such are the farmers, graziers, husbandmen, mechanics, artificers,
 "&c. Without these, heroes would be
 "like princes without subjects to rule over;
 "these are the bulk of the people, for these
 "laws are made and properly secured.
 "When

“ When heroes defend and protect them,
 “ they are truly glorious, but when they
 “ oppress and insult them, they become the
 “ scourges of mankind, and a burthen to
 “ the world.”—

“ You speak the truth,” said Mr. Thomas
 Basset, “ and I beg leave to mention an or-
 “ der of men which you have omitted, men
 “ of letters, without whom heroes and their
 “ actions would soon be forgotten : they are
 “ also mediators and ministers of peace, as
 “ by their religion they ought always to be,
 “ though they sometimes disobey its com-
 “ mands. When the great King Edward
 “ lay with his army before Chartres, resol-
 “ ving to be acknowledged King of France
 “ or to die in the field, the ambassadors of
 “ the Pope and the regent of France follow-
 “ ed him with offers of peace upon safe and
 “ honourable terms. Thomas the great and
 “ good Duke of Lancaster remonstrated
 “ earnestly on the vicissitudes of war, and
 “ the blessings of peace ; but still the King
 “ was inflexible. There happened at that
 “ time an event the most remarkable, and,
 “ perhaps, miraculous ; for while the King

" appeared inexorable, and refused to hear the
 " commissioners of peace, there fell a most
 " terrible storm of thunder and lightning,
 " rain and hail, upon the English army,
 " that seemed as if all nature was near its
 " dissolution. Horses and men were killed
 " in their ranks to the number of above a
 " thousand of each, among whom where the
 " noble Lord Guy Beauchamp, eldest son to
 " the Earl of Warwick, and Robert Lord
 " Morley. The boldest hearts among those
 " heroes trembled, and looked upon this
 " tempest as a mark of the divine displeasure.
 " The King was struck with awe and reve-
 " rence, he kneeled upon the earth unco-
 " vered, and made a solemn vow to God
 " that he would now listen to terms of
 " peace, and accept them upon good condi-
 " tions. By this conduct he obtained more
 " true glory, than he could have done by an
 " obstinate perseverance in his first resolu-
 " tion, even if it had been crowned with
 " success; and by his conduct shewed, that
 " peace is more desirable than war.

" Those who record the actions of princes,
 " and of great men, should think it their
 " ho-

"honour and their duty to point out the
 "true motives of noble actions, to be such
 "as proceed from piety and virtue, and not
 "from base and venal considerations, lead
 "them to prefer the false glory to the true ;
 "therefore I say, that men of letters, and of
 "virtuous principles, are to be highly re-
 "spected by those of all other callings and
 "professions.."—

Sir John Calverly next spoke: "Gen-
 "tlemen, you have all spoken well in be-
 "half of your respective professions. Per-
 "mit me to be the moderator between you.
 "My brother Sir Roger has supported the
 "honour and glory of a military station ;
 "my friend Clement has been the advocate
 "of peace and all its occupations ; Mr.
 "Thomas Basset has well displayed the ho-
 "nour and utility of that profession, to
 "which he will prove an ornament: all
 "these are necessary, and are useful in a
 "state, and neither of them should be too
 "highly exalted at the expence of the others.
 "I honour them all, and allow that the arts
 "and employments of peace are the most
 "necessary to the health and welfare of a
 K 6 "state ;

" state ; but still I do not mean to underva-
 " lue the profession of arms, its labours, or
 " its glories. The wisest and best of princes
 " have thought it necessary to employ high
 " and turbulent spirits in this way, for their
 " own benefit, and that of their country.
 " They have remarked, that in time of peace
 " such spirits as I have mentioned, will be
 " busy and factious at home, wherefore it is
 " best to keep their minds and bodies exer-
 " cised, and in constant readiness whenever
 " their country shall stand in need of their
 " services. Moreover, foreign princes and
 " potentates will be more likely to preserve
 " peace, when they see us ready prepared for
 " war.

" I could mention many other circum-
 " stances in behalf of the military profes-
 " sion, that men of the greatest valour have
 " also shewn the greatest humanity, and the
 " most polished manners ; that many of
 " them have been well skilled in the arts of
 " peace ; that some have been the recorders
 " of their own actions, and those of others.
 " We know that the great Cæsar wrote his
 " own commentaries ; and finally, that sol-
 " diers

“diers may excel in many other kinds of
“knowledge, beside that of the duties of
“their profession.”—

“Far be it from me,” said Clement Wood-
ville, “to depreciate the profession of a sol-
“dier ; I only meant to assert, that it is not
“the only one that is respectable. If I have
“seemed to undervalue it, I hope my list of
“great men will make atonement, for mili-
“tary men stand foremost in it, as needs
“must be when the King was so great a
“warrior.”—

The gentlemen called for it without far-
ther delay. Clement began—“I shall beg
“your permission, gentlemen, as I read the
“names, to make some brief remarks upon
“the most eminent characters. At the head
“of my catalogue I have placed our late
“most famous King Edward the Third ; Sir
“Roger has expatiated upon his merits as a
“warrior, he was the first hero of his age ;
“but I shall add, that his character in all
“other respects is no way inferior. That he
“understood all the arts of peace, that he
“was an encourager of the arts and sciences,
“of trade and commerce. A retrospect of
“all

“ all the acts of Parliament passed in his
 “ reign, will afford sufficient testimony of
 “ his justice and prudence, such as will make
 “ his encomium descend to late posterity.

“ I shall conclude with the remark that he
 “ was the soonest a man, and remained so the
 “ longest, of any prince in the annals of our
 “ country. He came to the throne in his fif-
 “ teenth year, he was an husband and a fa-
 “ ther at eighteen, he reigned fifty-one years,
 “ and lived sixty-five.

“ Next to him I have placed his eldest
 “ son, Edward Prince of Wales, whose cha-
 “ racter and glorious actions still live in the
 “ memory of all men.

“ He was taken from us too soon ; the na-
 “ tion still feels his loss ; and so does his son
 “ also ; if he had lived, he would have train-
 “ ed him up to all the duties and qualities of
 “ a king, but he was too soon his own mas-
 “ ter and our's. God send that the succeed-
 “ ing part of his reign may be more fortu-
 “ nate and happy than the past !

“ Lionel Duke of Clarence was the third
 “ son in order of birth. He was a most
 “ beautiful and accomplished prince, and
 “ had

“ had given many proofs of his abilities both
 “ as a warrior and a statesman. He died of
 “ a fever very soon after his second marriage
 “ at Milan.

“ John of Ghent, Duke of Lancaster,
 “ fourth son, a Prince of the greatest cou-
 “ rage and abilities, and of an high and am-
 “ bitious spirit, capable of the greatest at-
 “ chievements, as all the world knows and
 “ testifies.

“ He married to his first wife, the Lady
 “ Blanch, heiress of the illustrious house of
 “ Lancaster, descended from King Henry
 “ III. In right of her he became Duke of
 “ Lancaster, Earl of Derby, Lincoln, and
 “ Leicefter, Lord Bergerac, Beaufort, and
 “ Nogent in France, all which titles the
 “ King his father confirmed to him by pa-
 “ tent. His second wife was the Princess
 “ Constance, eldest daughter of Don Pedro
 “ King of Spain, in whose right he claims
 “ the crowns of Castile and Leon, which are
 “ now enjoyed by Don Henry, bastard bro-
 “ ther of her father, and chosen by the no-
 “ bility of that country. This contest hath
 “ cost England dear, and though ceased for
 “ a time,

" a time, is not even yet given up. The Duke
 " of Lancaster was suspected of aiming at
 " the crown in the early part of the King's
 " minority, but his conduct has cleared him
 " of that charge. This Prince hath many
 " enemies, I leave it to them to speak of his
 " faults.

" Edmund of Langley, Duke of York,
 " fifth son ; the character of this Prince is
 " truly respectable, though he wants nei-
 " ther courage nor abilities, they are em-
 " ployed in mediating between contending
 " princes and parties. The Duke of York
 " is beloved and respected by all men, and
 " even the King will listen to him, when he
 " refuses to hear all others.

" Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glo-
 " cester, the sixth son now living. A
 " Prince of great virtue and abilities, and
 " only one fault, that of too warm and open
 " a temper, and sometimes too free in re-
 " proving the folly and misconduct of un-
 " worthy men, when in power and place.
 " This renders him liable to the attacks of
 " his enemies, who whisper calumnies in the
 " ears of the King, who listens to them too
 " rea-

“ readily. No man living is more respected
 “ by all true lovers of their country, than
 “ is the Duke of Gloucester. He married
 “ the Lady Catherine, daughter of Hum-
 “ phry Bohun, Earl of Northampton.
 “ Mary, the other daughter and co-heiress,
 “ was married to Henry Plantagenet, eldest
 “ son of John Duke of Lancaster, and in
 “ his wife’s right Earl of Hereford, and from
 “ his father’s gift Earl of Derby.—

“ The daughters of King Edward the
 “ Third were married to men worthy of
 “ such alliance. Isabel the eldest, to Ingel-
 “ ram, Lord Coucy, a man of high fame
 “ and renown; the Princess and he loved
 “ each other many years before they were
 “ permitted to marry, but soon after he was
 “ created Earl of Bedford, and Lord of
 “ ———, in Ireland.

“ Joanna, the second daughter, was con-
 “ tracted to the Prince of Spain; going over
 “ to consummate her marriage, she died on
 “ her journey.

“ Blanche, the third daughter, died in her
 “ infancy. Mary, fourth daughter, mar-
 “ ried to John, the valiant Duke of Bre-
 “ tagne.

"tagne. Mary, fifth daughter, married
"John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke.

"Seldom shall we hear of a royal family
"so numerous and flourishing, nor so de-
"serving of honour, as the offspring of our
"King Edward the Third.

"The princes of the blood royal are
"likewise worthy to be mentioned in our
"list of great men, all of them worthy of
"the name of Plantagenet.

"And first, John of Eltham, the King's
"only brother, created by him Duke of
"Cornwall. He distinguished himself in an
"expedition to Scotland, and died there in
"the flower of his youth, truly beloved and
"lamented by his brother and all his rela-
"tions.

"Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Nor-
"folk, and Edmund of Wodestoke, Earl of
"Kent, sons of Edward the First, by his
"second wife Margaret of France, and bro-
"thers of Edward the Second.

"The first of these Princes left only one
"daughter, married to John Lord Seagrave;
"she left a daughter likewise called Anne,
"married to John Lord Mowbray, who in
"her

" her right is Earl of Norfolk, and Earl
 " Marshal of England. The second bro-
 " ther, Earl of Kent, was treacherously be-
 " trayed and brought to the scaffold, by the
 " arts of Mortimer Earl of March, during
 " the late King's minority. After the King
 " took the reins of government into his own
 " hands, Mortimer received his deserts.
 " The sons of the Earl of Kent were re-
 " stored to their rights, and were succes-
 " sively Earls of Kent : they dying without
 " heirs, their titles and their fortunes de-
 " scended to their only sister Joanna, first
 " married to Thomas Lord Holland, and
 " secondly, to the noble Prince of Wales,
 " and she became the mother of our present
 " King.

" The illustrious house of Plantagenet
 " may challenge all the world to show more
 " great men, or more worthy to stand
 " foremost in the lists of fame.

" I shall next mention the names of such
 " eminent men as lived in the reign of our
 " King Edward, especially those who shared
 " his labours and his glory."—

" Stop

“ Stop awhile and take breath,” said Sir John Calverly ; “ I am inclined to remark
 “ upon some of those you have already
 “ named. I agree with you in regard to
 “ most of them ; but if we speak of the cha-
 “ racters of men, we should not magnify
 “ their virtues, and conceal their faults ;
 “ we owe this justice to ourselves and to
 “ posterity.”—

“ Have I done so in any instance, Sir
 “ John ? If I have, I beg you to correct
 “ me.”—

“ I think you have in your account of the
 “ Duke of Lancaster ; after setting forth his
 “ virtues, you leave it to his enemies to shew
 “ his faults. I am not one of these, yet I
 “ think them abatements of his character,
 “ and I will venture in this company to
 “ mention some of the most considerable.
 “ In the first place, his ambition is unbound-
 “ ed, aiming at sovereign power, and striv-
 “ ing to involve this country in war and
 “ troubles, in order to set the crown of Spain
 “ upon his head. Secondly, his pride is so
 “ great, that he thinks himself superior to
 “ all men, and entitled to all the homage due
 “ to

“to sovereign princes. Thirdly, he has de-
 “graded himself and the royal family. Af-
 “ter being married to two princesses of the
 “first rank and dignity, he took to wife an
 “obscure woman, whom he had publicly
 “kept as his concubine during the life of
 “his second lady, and by whom he had three
 “sons and a daughter then living. He pre-
 “vailed on the Pope to legitimate these chil-
 “dren, and gave them the rank of princes
 “of the blood. The real princes of the
 “family would not suffer them to assume
 “the name of Plantagenet, so they took
 “that of Beaufort from the castle where
 “they were born. The ladies of the blood
 “royal refused to appear in public with their
 “mother, and the nobility thought them-
 “selves affronted by her taking place of their
 “families, many of which are allied to the
 “throne. These things have justly lessen-
 “ed the Duke in the eyes of all men.”—

“Permit me to say a few words on the
 “other side,” said Sir Roger de Clarendon.
 “All great characters have their alloy, and
 “much allowance is due to so great a man ;
 “all Europe celebrates his name as one of
 “the

“ the first warriors and statesmen, and all the
 “ courts in it have always treated him with
 “ the highest respect, not excepting that of
 “ France.”—

Mr. T. Basset next spoke upon this subject.—“ Certainly the Duke is a man of
 “ many noble and princely virtues : he is
 “ noble, generous, and wise : a great war-
 “ rior and politician. He is also the patron
 “ of learned and ingenious men, and a liberal
 “ rewarder of all kinds of merit.”—

“ All that has been said is true,” said Mr. Ralph Basset, “ and our friend Sir John has
 “ said nothing that is not equally so. But
 “ when we give or receive the characters of
 “ great men, we should weigh their virtues
 “ and their defects likewise, to form a true
 “ estimate of them.

“ If men were secure that their virtues
 “ would be celebrated, and their faults con-
 “ cealed or slightly passed over, they would
 “ think they might be excused for whatever
 “ bad actions they could commit. Princes
 “ ought to lie under this check as well as
 “ other men, lest their pride should run to
 “ too high a pitch ; they ought to be told,
 “ that

“ that however the voice of praise or flattery
 “ may speak of them while living, their true
 “ characters will certainly be known after
 “ their death, and the higher their situation,
 “ the more their qualities will be investi-
 “ gated.

“ This truth being rightly understood,
 “ would make them careful of their every
 “ action, and consider themselves as account-
 “ able to posterity.”—

“ You have well spoken,” said Sir John Calverly, “ and I am pleased to have led
 “ the way to such pertinent and useful ob-
 “ servations.”—

Mr. Woodville apologized for his omission, saying, it was owing to a desire of brevity, that he had omitted many obvious remarks; but he agreed with the gentlemen who had spoken after him, and that he should defer the remainder of his list to some other time.

Lady Calverly made a motion to retire, but begged Clement to reserve the remainder of his list till she and her daughters should be present.

Sir John Calverly fixed the next evening to pursue the subject ; and the company separated at a later hour than usual.

The next day Mr. Ralph Bassett made proposals to Lady Calverly for her daughter Edith : he confessed that her declaration had made him doubtful whether to offer himself or not, but his respect for the family and the pleasure he had enjoyed in their company, had counteracted the blow that her coldness had struck him, and he ardently wished to be her son, and the brother of Sir John Calverly. My Lady said, she must refer him entirely to her daughter. “ You have heard, I presume, that my daughter Mabel chose a husband for herself without my knowledge : it is true, it was a man whom I could not but approve ; but after allowing of her choice, I could not refuse the same privilege to Edith, who is my best child, my friend, and my counsellor ; she deserves to be the mistress of her own destiny, and she shall be so. If she accepts your proposal, I shall give my warm consent ; but if she declines it, I shall not urge her in your behalf. I deal plainly
“ with

“with you, Sir, and I hope you will take it
 “as a proof of my sincerity and respect for
 “you.”—

Mr. Bassett asked an interview with Edith;
 she did not decline it.

He offered himself to her disposal; she
 gave a decided negative, but said, “Though
 “I do not accept you for my husband, I
 “wish to retain you as my friend; I respect
 “your family, I like your company, and
 “your brother’s also. You are Sir Roger’s
 “friend, suffer me to call you mine. I
 “had hoped that my whimsical declaration
 “would have spared me the pain of giving
 “you a refusal; but now that is over, and I
 “hope you will never more urge the repeti-
 “tion.”—He wished her to receive his vi-
 sits, and to be a candidate for her favour;
 she positively forbade it.

He told her he must then leave the house
 directly. She told him, “No, you must
 “not. I invite you to stay and pursue the
 “subject to which you did honour last
 “night; you must stay till it is concluded.”—

She looked with so much sweetness and
 complacency, that Mr. Bassett could not de-

cline her invitation, though mortified by her refusal. *but*

He sought his friend Sir Roger de Clarendon, and told him of the repulse he had met with, and the invitation that had followed it. He advised him to accept the invitation, and to put aside the repulse. "I will sound the depth for you, and then tell you whether to persevere or to retreat."—

Sir Roger invited Edith to walk with him in the garden; he led her to the alcove where he had first opened his heart to Mabel: he expatiated upon the beauties of it, and wished it might ever be propitious to lovers. He then spoke in behalf of his friend, he enlarged upon his merits, and besought her to consider and to know him better, before she condemned him to despair.—Edith was cool and resolute; she said little, and that only to confirm the negative she had given. Sir Roger looked earnestly at her, he said, "My sweet sister, be sincere with me; have you not made a choice in your heart that renders all the rest of mankind indifferent to you?"—Edith blushed,

but tried to parry the stroke; she told him he was not her confessor, and she would not tell him. He said, "Do not I know a man in
 "whom meet all the requisites you expect in
 "a husband? A man of peace, amiable, gentle, virtuous, and engaging?"—She blushed and looked down: he proceeded; "A
 "man beloved by all that know him; one
 "whom I have chosen for my friend, one
 "whom Lady Calverly esteems, and whom
 "she trusts, and Sir John already loves him
 "as a brother."—Edith turned aside; she was confused; she strove to recover her usual presence of mind, but found she could not: she was silent some moments.—"Enough,
 "my dearest lady; forgive my impertinent
 "curiosity. I wish to serve you, and to
 "serve him; only tell me how I can do it,
 "and despise me if I do not undertake it."—

Edith then spoke—"The only favour I
 "ask of you, Sir Roger, is to keep your
 "suspicions to yourself, and above all things
 "not to utter them before my mother or
 "my brother."—"It surprises me that they
 "do not suspect it; you drew your lover's
 "picture well, there was no occasion to put

“his name to it; but I knew it before.
 “Lovers the soonest find out lovers, and I
 “had found out Clement. I will, how-
 “ever, obey your commands; but why is
 “this the only favour you will accept of
 “me? I have some interest at court, I
 “would use it to serve our dear friend: I
 “had intended to invite him to go with us
 “to Ireland, but you do not love a soldier,
 “you will have only a man of peace.”—

Edith coloured—“I do not wish my
 “friend to decline the service; if the King
 “calls him to this or any other employment,
 “he has too much honour and spirit to re-
 “fuse to attend on his commands. I should
 “be grieved and ashamed to have it thought
 “that I would hinder him.”—“There spoke
 “the daughter of Sir Hugh Calverly; would
 “you, then, wish me to invite him?”—

“Certainly, Sir; I shall never oppose
 “any thing that is for Mr. Woodville’s
 “honour and advantage.”—

“Will you honour me with any other
 “commands?”—

“Yes, one more; do not suffer Mr. Bas-
 “set to suspect.”—“I will not; but I will
 “ad-

“advise him to give up all his hopes.”—

“I thank you; that will, indeed, oblige

“me highly.”——

Sir John and Mr. Basset entered the garden; they met them, and the conversation became general.——

END OF VOL. I.

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